Saturday Review

December 28, 1968 35¢

THE NOW MOVIE

SR's ANNUAL REPORT ON THE CINEMA

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RECORDINGS

TWO FOR THE RECORD

By Irving Kolodin

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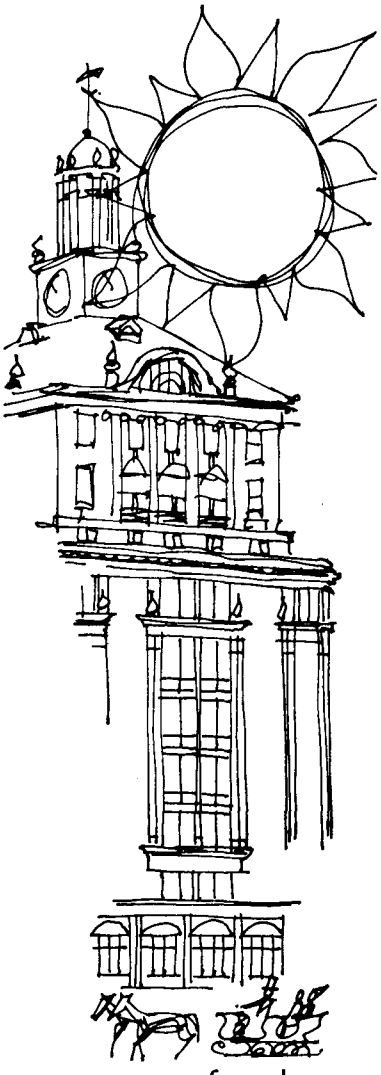

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"The individual who pollutes the air with his factory and the ghetto kid who breaks store windows both represent the same thing. They don't care about each other—or what they do to each other."

On this pessimistic note—that most of our urban problems are due to a complete breakdown in our "sense of community"—Daniel P. Moynihan brought to a close a recent Bell System TV Special entitled "Cities Have No Limits."

A TV Special which Dwight Newton of the San Francisco Examiner called, "...frankly, scary as hell!"

So where do we go from here? Is there no hope? Only frustration, half-measures and eventual chaos?

On December 30, the Bell System brings you the next segment of "White Paper: The Ordeal of the American City."

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

On Looking up Unexpectedly at a Mirror

Why do I still expect to see
A young mug looking back at me?

—Russell Speirs.

Perils of Property

I have just received my new homeowner's insurance policy, and I have been going over the section titled "Perils Insured Against." To my delight I find that I've got a total of nineteen perils coming to me. In the old policy I had only ten perils.

The wording of insurance policies is a little confusing at first. For example, take my Peril No. 2—"Removal, meaning loss or removal of the property covered hereunder from premises endangered by the perils insured against."

At first I thought this meant that the entire property might be removed, say when the family was out roller skating. Come back, and there's no property. That would give a man quite a turn and cause a lot of confusion, especially with the children tired and fussy. But after reading the sentence several times, I conclude that it means removing things from the house in time of peril, like if I damage the sofa while throwing it out the picture window during the tornado. I sleep on the sofa a lot, and it would be one of the first things I'd save.

Peril No. 5 made me nervous. I am insured against "sudden and accidental tearing asunder, cracking, burning, or bulging of a steam or hot-water heating system." I hear funny noises in the house. Tonight, I know I'll lie in bed listening to things bulging in the cellar. Will it crack and tear asunder, or won't it?

Making matters worse is Peril No. 16. I am insured against "sudden and accidental tearing asunder, cracking, burning, or bulging of appliance for heating water for domestic consumption." First it was the furnace; now the hot-water heater is going.

Peril No. 14 is the collapse of the house. But, unfortunately, it does not include "settling, cracking, shrinkage, bulging, or expansion" of the building. I am beginning to wonder, incidentally, about the man who composed this part of the policy. It would appear that he has a serious mental problem over bulging. Perhaps, when he was a small boy, his older sister kept blowing up balloons until they burst.

"Falling Objects" is another Peril. I can't for the moment think of anything that would fall on the house except airplanes, and the sky. In the latter case I would be more inclined to run and tell the king rather than my local insurance agent.

Peril No. 7 says "Aircraft." That's all. Since I am already insured against falling objects in the Chicken Little Clause, why a separate "Aircraft" section? Do they know something we don't know?

The section in the policy titled "Special Exclusions" announces that the insurance company shall not be liable "as respects Perils 5, 12, 14, 15, 16, and 19 for loss caused by, resulting from, contributed to, or aggravated by any earth movement, including but not limited to earthquake, landslide, mud flow, earth sinking, rising, or shifting." That's too bad, especially the mud flow part, as any homeowner with three small children can tell you.

Hidden on the back page under the fold is a list of some other exclusions, including the following:

"The word 'fire' in this Policy is not intended to and does not embrace nuclear reaction or nuclear radiation or radioactive contamination."

I'll get in touch with my insurance agent first thing tomorrow morning. There must be a rider available at a small additional premium for $100 deductible insurance against mushroom clouds. The kind that bulge.

—Dereck Williamson.

Add a Word

It has always seemed to me that the epitome of fame is to become a noun in the dictionary. Think of the immortality of James Watt, who gave us the watt, Alessandro Volta, from whom we have the volt, and A. M. Ampère, father of the ampere, more familiarly known as the amp. Also in the field of science, where this sort of thing seems to be most common, consider the Bunsen burner, which causes the name of Professor R. W. Bunsen of Heidelberg to live on. And Fahrenheit, which we owe to Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit, the German physicist who made the thermometer more accurate by substituting mercury for alcohol in the tube.

Medical men like James Parkinson, the English physician who gave us Parkinson's disease (that is, he gave us the name of it), and Thomas Addison, without whom we would not know what to call Addison's disease, are also well, if not happily, remembered. Less familiar to the layman but known by any physician is Dr. McBurney, the American surgeon who gave his name to McBurney's point. This is the place on the ventral abdominal wall where the most acute pain is elicited by pressure in cases of appendicitis. Vidkun Quisling, the pro-Nazi Norwegian fifth columnist, made it during World War II with the noun quisling, such a satisfying and useful word that in time we may expect the verb to quisle. Of course Napoleon's devoted follower, Nicolas Chauvin, long ago gave us chauvinism, and Lord Raglan, the English general, the raglan sleeve.

All this is leading up to my nomination of a word to be incorporated into the English language. The man it would memorialize is not a scientist, a physician, an economist, an engineer, a traitor, an over-enthusiastic patriot, or a general. But his name has long seemed to me to supply a need in our vocabulary. I refer to James Thurber. It is true that the American botanist G. Thurber (1821-90) has already given us Thurberia, a shrubby herb of the mallow family, and the Thurberia weevil that feeds on a kind of wild cotton known as *Thurberia thespesioides*. But James Thurber, one of my favorite authors, deserves to be in the dictionary all on his own, and lower case.

What I propose is the noun thurb. I also suggest the adjective thurb, of which thurber (as in the author's name) is the comparative and thurbest the superlative. And the verb to thurb: I thurb, you thurb, he (she, it) thurbs, we thurb, you (plural) thurb, they thurb. The word thurber could also be a noun, meaning one who thurbs.

As for the meaning of thurb, I look on it as an all-purpose word. It can mean anything one wishes it to, supplying the need of the moment. Note how effectively it serves in the following sentences:

He cleaned out his trouser cuffs, removing all the accumulated thurb.

A lot of thurbing is going on in some of our governmental agencies.

He told the doctor he had a good night's sleep and is feeling a little thurber this morning.

If James Watt can get into the dictionary for giving us a unit of power, surely James Thurber should get in there for all he has given us. In the dictionary, I might add, thurb would come just after thuoc, an Annamese unit of measure. If the dictionary is already too crowded to admit thurb, just drop out thuoc, a word that not many would miss. It's something to thurb about, anyhow.

—Richard Armour.

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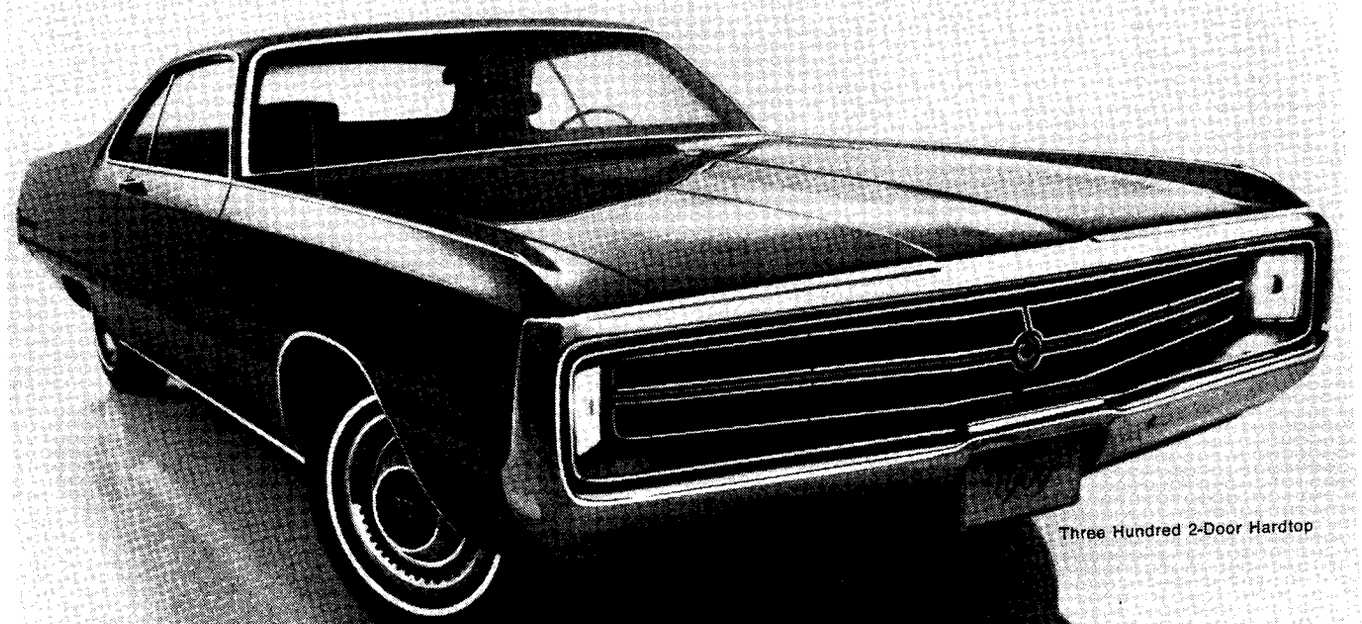

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Image for a New Year

I'M GOING to make only one resolution this New Year's Eve. For many years I have been resolving to be patient with mediocrity in others, to be understanding of people who say they understand pop art, to be forgiving of those who say we shouldn't recognize Cambodia, to be tolerant of citizens who stupidly didn't vote the way I did.

In others words, I've been forever feeling sorry for everyone who was not fortunate enough to have been me. It's not that I didn't keep all those resolutions. Somebody up there must have given me a gold star. I'm still here.

But being so preoccupied with the obvious frailties in my fellowman, I realize now I've been neglecting to repair my own image in the eyes of others who are less patient, less understanding, less forgiving, less tolerant of me than I have been of them.

So I will resolve this year to upgrade my image, so I can persuade a captain to give me a table for lunch in a crowded New York restaurant.

It has been embarrassing. I walk in with a man I'm trying to impress and I say to the captain: "Two, please," casually holding up two fingers in a futile gesture of Victory.

"What's the name?"

I give him my name.

"Step behind that line. I will call you."

We step behind the line. "Why me?" I think to myself. "Is this any way to treat a man who is in *Who's Who in America*? What shall it profit a man to be in *Who's Who* if he can't get a table for lunch?

"I didn't ask to be in *Who's Who,*" I think to myself. "They just wrote me I was in their book. I should have known it was something less than glamorous to be in *Who's Who* when every year they send a clipping of the short paragraph devoted to me, along with a form to fill out indicating changes in my marital status and career. If I'm such a Who, why do they have to ask?"

I think a lot to myself while I'm waiting for a table. It's that kind of a wait.

"Furthermore," I say to myself, "I remember the last time they sent me the clipping there was another form to fill out. I remember what it said: 'Should the biographee who is named below not be living, the Editors will appreciate this sheet being returned to them by the person in whose hands it may fall, with a signed or initialed notation of the date of death. Such cooperation will assure transfer of the sketch to the next edition of *Who Was Who in America.*'

"Well, by the time I get a table I'll probably be a candidate for that next edition of *Who Was Who*. But if anyone is enough of a Who to get into *Who's Who* and he dies, wouldn't the editors have seen his name and photograph in the obit pages? If not, what's he doing in *Who's Who* in the first place? Why bother about his last place?"

By this time my luncheon companion interrupts my thinking with the suggestion that we go to a cafeteria around the corner. I don't accept that. If we can't get in there, there goes my impression. I walk over to the captain.

"How long before we get a table?"

"It won't be long," he says. "We can't ask people to leave their tables. There are a lot of notables here."

When a captain looks me in the eye and says "notable," I'm sure he's trying to tell me "no table." Or at the very least that he's "not able" to get me a table.

This is the point at which a man who is less a man than I would lose his patience, understanding, forgiveness, and tolerance, and all that noble stuff there.

"*Mon capitaine,*" I say, recalling my *French Without Toil, "quelle heure est-il pour une table pour deux s'il vous plaît cet instant?*"

"What?" asks *mon capitaine.*

"Don't you speak French?"

"No, I'm Greek."

"Oh," I say warmly, "I voted for Spiro Agnew."

"Who?"

A breezy gentleman, with three companions, walks past the line.

"Captain," I hear him quietly say, "I'll bet you $5 you can't get me a table for four."

"Right this way," says the captain.

He returns. "Captain," I say, "I'll bet you $2.50 you can't get me a table for two."

"Right this way," says the captain.

I look around for my companion.

"Oh, Captain," I say, "I'll bet you $1.25 you can't get me a table for one." He wins the bet.

So: I resolve this year to upgrade my image so I can get a table for two in a crowded restaurant by being patient, understanding, forgiving, and tolerant of captains, up to $2.50.

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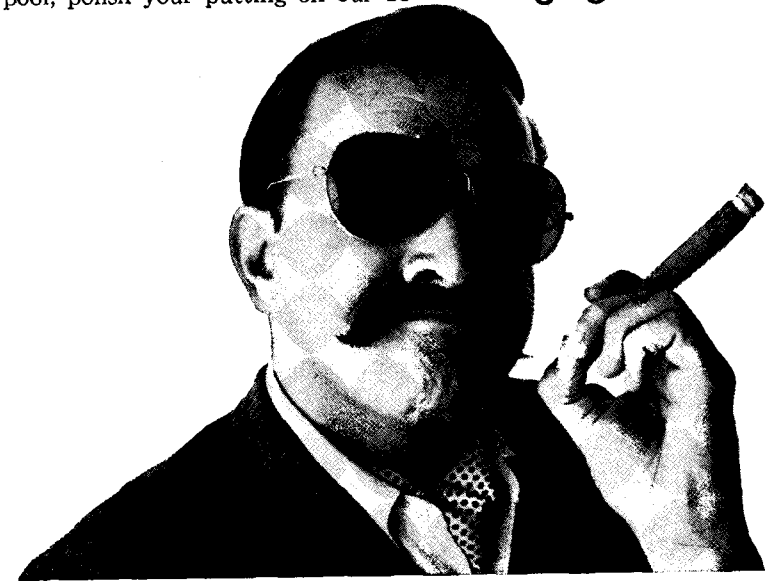

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Trade Winds

James F. Fixx

Memo to news broadcasters: The noun is pronounced *pro*test, the verb pro*test*. For some reason people more often get it wrong than right. (This paragraph is presented as a public service, in the interest of a less abrasive world.)

At an elementary school in Greenwich, Connecticut, a half-dozen animated, bright-eyed youngsters, some of them not much taller than a yardstick, were sitting around the other afternoon

discussing an unlikely subject: student protests, riots, and the proper role of the police. From time to time the group's leader, Richard D. Campbell, a thirty-year-old teacher with an affable manner and fashionably floppy hair, would ask a brief question or prod the conversation back onto the track, but most of the time it was the young people who did the talking.

"I don't think the students in the Chicago riots had any right to wreck the convention for Humphrey," one girl remarked.

"Well," said another, "my mother told me that the Communists were behind it all. In France do you know what the police do? They ride their motorcycles right into the crowds. They don't even care if they *kill* people. Maybe if *our* police did that, there wouldn't be so many riots. And something else the police should do is have spies in all the major colleges. They could use plainclothes policemen who look like college students."

"No," said the first girl, "that wouldn't work. You'd just get more riots that way. The students would say to themselves, 'They don't think they can trust us,' and then there would be a riot."

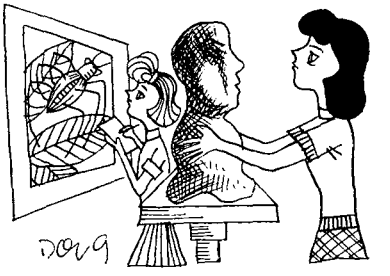
This sort of searching, politely argumentative, and often astonishingly precocious conversation is heard frequently from the fourth-, fifth-, and sixth-graders at the Hamilton Avenue Elementary School in Greenwich, where an imaginative and, from the looks of things, quite successful educational program has been in effect for the last five or six years. (About the only unimaginative thing about it is its name; it's simply called the Special Workshop.) The program started when someone began reflecting on the fact that young people, especially bright ones, often have interests that they can't very well pursue in regular class time.

From that observation it was only a step to the question that really started the whole thing: What would happen if you just sort of turned kids loose and gave them a chance to poke into anything that interested them? Greenwich, which is 25 miles or so from Manhattan on Long Island Sound, is a well-to-do suburb of commuters, most of them professional and managerial people, and it was the kind of question that had an immediate appeal. As a result, the program got off to a good start and is currently thriving under its staff of three teachers. In addition to Mr. Campbell, they are Miss Rachel Bogusky, who is twenty-nine years old and has a vivid smile and a winningly earnest manner, and Ellis Hardy, thirty-two, who seems to serve as unofficial philosopher-in-residence, constantly posing questions that have the students alternately laughing and furrowing their brows ("Is it polite to stab

your teacher? If you do, should you say excuse me?").

Students in the program must have IQs of at least 130, be at least six months above their grade levels in academic achievement, have no grade lower than a B, and be specially recommended by their teachers and principals. The careful scrutiny is important because, in order to attend, students leave their regular classrooms for one morning and one afternoon every week. A few teachers have complained that it is disrupting to have a student popping out of class that way, but the feeling seems to be that there are more advantages than drawbacks. And there are certainly no complaints from the young people. I asked five of them how they liked the program, and it was all I could do to stop them from going on endlessly about how exciting it all was. Nor did any of them say they had the slightest difficulty in keeping up with the work in their regular classes. ("You miss a lot of boring stuff this way," said one boy.) In fact, their biggest worry seems to be that they may be dropped from the program, though if they do well they are pretty well assured of staying in it for as long as three years.

Well, exactly what *are* these remarkably free youngsters interested in? A stroll around their large, pleasant classroom, crammed with all manner of books, projectors, electronic apparatus, art materials, and even living creatures



(gerbils, chicks, ants), provides at least part of the answer. On the day I was there, one girl was shaping an enormous mass of damp clay into a life-sized head. Another was watching a film on insects and taking notes on what she saw. Several students were discussing *King Lear*. One boy was designing what he described as a "moonport." Others were studying gems, chess, astronomy, the stock market, minerals, marine biology, and embryology.

The main impression of it all was of a remarkable eagerness and interest, on the part of both the students and the teachers. "We had a visitor from another town here in Connecticut that's thinking of starting a program like this one," Miss Bogusky told me. "She started out by saying, 'Children this age can't really work on things like that by themselves. Everyone knows that.' But in a little while she was saying, 'It really works!' She went away just amazed, and so does just about everyone who sees what's going on here."

The bell rang, and I involuntarily braced myself for the familiar rush for the door. It never came. The young people put away their work and then, with absolutely no sign of haste, finally began to leave, as if they actually enjoyed what they had been doing.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1811)

H. H. Munro (Saki)

REGINALD'S CHOIR TREAT

Like every woman who has ever preached repentance to unregenerate youth, she dwelt on the sin of an empty life, which always seems so much more scandalous in the country, where people rise early to see if a new strawberry has happened during the night.

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Saturday Review
December 28, 1968

THE NOW MOVIE

1. Film as Environment

By ANTHONY SCHILLACI

THE better we understand how young people view film, the more we have to revise our notion of what film is. Seen through young eyes, film is destroying conventions almost as quickly as they can be formulated. Whether the favored director is "young" like Richard Lester, Roman Polanski, and Arthur Penn, or "old" like Kubrick, Fellini, and Buñuel, he must be a practicing cinematic anarchist to catch the eye of the young. If we're looking for the young audience between sixteen and twenty-four, which accounts for 48 per cent of the box office today, we will find they're on a trip, whether in a Yellow Submarine or on a Space Odyssey. A brief prayer muttered for Rosemary's Baby and they're careening down a dirt road with Bonnie and Clyde, the exhaust spitting banjo sounds, or sitting next to The Graduate as he races across the Bay Bridge after his love. The company they keep is fast; Belle de Jour, Petulia, and Joanna are not exactly a sedentary crowd. Hyped up on large doses of *Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In*, and *Mission: Impossible*, they are ready for anything that an evolving film idiom can throw on the screen. And what moves them must have the pace, novelty, style, and spontaneity of a television commercial.

All of this sounds as if the script is by McLuhan. Nevertheless, it is borne out by the experience of teaching contemporary film to university juniors and seniors, staging film festivals for late teens and early adults, and talking to literally hundreds of people about movies. The phenomenon may be interesting, and even verifiable, but what makes it important is its significance for the future of film art. The young have discovered that film is an environment which you put on, demanding a different kind of structure, a different mode of attention than any other art. Their hunger is for mind-expanding experience and simultaneity, and their art is film.

Occasionally a young director gives us a glimpse of the new world of film as environmental art. The optical exercise known as *Flicker* came on like a karate chop to the eyes at Lincoln Center's Film Seminar three years ago. One half-hour of white light flashing at varied frequency, accompanied by a deafening sound track designed to infuriate, describes the screen, but not what happened to the audience. As strangers turned to ask if it was a put-on, if they had forgotten to put film in the projector, they noticed that the flickering light fragmented their motions, stylizing them like the actions of a silent movie. In minutes, the entire audience was on its feet, acting out spontaneous pantomimes for one another, no one looking at the flashing screen. The happening precipitated by *Flicker* could be called the film of the future, but it was actually an anti-environment that gives us an insight into the past. By abstracting totally from content, the director demonstrated that the film is in the audience which acts out personal and public dramas as the screen turns it on. The delight of this experience opened up the notion of film as an environmental art.

Critics have noted the trend which leaves story line and character development strewn along the highways of

SR's annual movie issue this year looks into the cinematic ferment caused by the rise of a new generation of filmgoers and by the tastes and preferences of this new audience. The Reverend Anthony Schillaci, whose examination of the trend leads off the section, is a member of the National Film Study Program at Fordham University; Gordon Stulberg is president of one of the new "majors," Cinema Center Films, the theatrical film subsidiary of CBS; A. D. Murphy is a member of the editorial staff of *Daily Variety* in Hollywood; and Richard L. Coe is drama and film critic for the Washington *Post*. Critics Hollis Alpert and Arthur Knight are *SR*'s contributing editors.

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Keir Dullea in *2001: A Space Odyssey*—"Its muted understatement creates gaps in the action that invite our inquiry."

film history like the corpses in Godard's *Weekend*. The same critics have not, in general, recognized that the growing option for nonlinear, unstructured experiences that leave out sequence, motivation, and "argument" is a vote for film as environment. Young people turn to film for a time-space environment in which beautiful things happen to them. The screen has, in a sense, less and less to do with what explodes in the audience. This new scene could mean either that film is plunging toward irrelevant stimulation, or that there is a new and unprecedented level of participation and involvement in young audiences. I prefer to think the latter is the case. Young people want to talk about Ben's hang-up, why Rosemary stayed with the baby, or what it feels like to be in the electronic hands of a computer like Hal. They do not forget the film the minute they walk out of the theater.

The attention given the new style of film goes beyond stimulation to real involvement. A generation with eyes fixed on the rearview mirror tended to give film the same attention required for reading—that is, turning off all the senses except the eyes. Film became almost as private as reading, and little reaction to the total audience was experienced. As the Hollywood dream factory cranked out self-contained worlds of fantasy, audiences entered them with confidence that nothing even vaguely related to real life would trouble their reveries. As long as one came and left in the middle of the film, it was relatively non-involving as environment. When television brought the image into the living room, people gave it "movie attention," hushing everyone who entered the sacred presence of the tube as they would a film patron who talked during a movie. One was not allowed to speak, even during commercials. It took post-literate man to teach us how to use television as environment, as a moving image on the wall to which one may give total or peripheral attention as he wishes. The child who had TV as a baby-sitter does not turn off all his senses, but walks about the room carrying on a multiplicity of actions and relationships, his attention a special reward for the cleverness of the pitchman, or the skill of the artist. He is king, and not captive. As McLuhan would put it, he is not an audience, he *gives* an audience to the screen.

THE new multisensory involvement with film as total environment has been primary in destroying literary values in film. Their decline is not merely farewell to an understandable but unwelcome dependency; it means the emergence of a new identity for film. The diminished role of dialogue is a case in point. The difference between *Star Trek* and *Mission: Impossible* marks the trend toward self-explanatory images that need no dialogue. Take an audio tape of these two popular TV shows, as we did in a recent study, and it will reveal that while *Mission: Impossible* is completely unintelligible without images, *Star Trek* is simply an illustrated radio serial, complete on the level of sound. It has all the characteristics of radio's golden age: actions explained, immediate identification of character by voice alone, and even organ music to squeeze the proper emotion or end the episode. Like *Star Trek*, the old film was frequently a talking picture (emphasis on the adjective), thereby confirming McLuhan's contention that technologically "radio married the movies." The marriage of dependence, however, has gone on the rocks, and not by a return to silent films but a new turning to foreign ones. It was the films of Fellini and Bergman, with their subtitles, that convinced us there had been too many words. Approximately one-third of the dialogue is omitted in subtitled versions of these films, with no discernible damage—and some improvement—of the original.

More than dialogue, however, has been jettisoned. Other literary values, such as sequential narrative, dramatic choice, and plot are in a state of advanced atrophy, rapidly becoming vestigial organs on the body of film art as young people have their say. *Petulia* has no "story," unless one laboriously pieces together the interaction between the delightful arch-kook and the newly divorced surgeon, in which case it is nothing more than an encounter. The story line wouldn't make a ripple if it were not scrambled and fragmented into an experience that explodes from a free-floating present into both past and future

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Katharine Ross and Dustin Hoffman in *The Graduate*—"The young demand no assurances that Ben and the girl will live happily ever after; it is enough that he jarred himself loose from apathy."

simultaneously. *Petulia* is like some views of the universe which represent the ancient past of events whose light is just now reaching us simultaneously with the future of our galaxy, returning from the curve of outer space. Many films succeed by virtue of what they leave out. *2001: A Space Odyssey* is such a film, its muted understatement creating gaps in the action that invite our inquiry. Only a square viewer wants to know where the black monolith came from and where it is going. For most of the young viewers to whom I have spoken, it is just there. *Last Year at Marienbad* made the clock as limply shapeless as one of Salvador Dali's watches, while *8½* came to life on the strength of free associations eagerly grasped by young audiences. The effect of such films is a series of open-ended impressions, freely evoked and enjoyed, strongly inviting inquiry and involvement. In short, film is freed to work as environment, something which does not simply contain, but shapes people, tilting the balance of their faculties, radically altering their perceptions, and ultimately their views of self and all reality. Perhaps one sense of the symptomatic word "grooving," which applies to both sight and sound environments, is that a new mode of attention—multisensory, total, and simultaneous—has arrived. When you "groove," you do not analyze, follow an argument, or separate sensations; rather, you are massaged into a feeling of heightened life and consciousness.

If young people look at film this way, it is in spite of the school, a fact which says once more with emphasis that education is taking place outside the classroom walls. The "discovery" that television commercials are the most exciting and creative part of today's programing is old news to the young. Commercials are a crash course in speed-viewing, their intensified sensations challenging the viewer to synthesize impressions at an ever increasing rate. The result is short films like one produced at UCLA, presenting 3,000 years of art in three minutes. *God Is Dog Spelled Backwards* takes you from the cave paintings of Lascaux to the latest abstractions, with some images remaining on the screen a mere twenty-fourth of a second! The young experience the film, however, not as confusing, but as exuberantly and audaciously alive. They feel joy of recognition, exhilaration at the intense concentration necessary (one blink encompasses a century of art), and awe at the 180-second review of every aspect of the human condition. Intended as a put-on, the film becomes a three-minute commercial for man. This hunger for overload is fed by the television commercial, with its nervous jump cuts demolishing continuity, and its lazy dissolves blurring time-space boundaries. Whether the young are viewing film "through" television, or simply through their increased capacity for information and sensation (a skill which makes most schooling a bore), the result is the same—film becomes the primary environment in which the hunger to know through experience is satisfied.

Hidden within this unarticulated preference of the young is a quiet tribute to film as the art that humanizes change. In its beginnings, the cinema was celebrated as the art that mirrored reality in its functional dynamism. And although the early vision predictably gave way to misuse of the medium, today the significance of the filmic experience of change stubbornly emerges again. Instead of prematurely stabilizing change, film celebrates it. The cinema can inject life into historical events by the photoscan, in which camera movement and editing liberate the vitality of images from the past. *City of Gold,* a short documentary by the National Film Board of Canada, takes us by zoom and cut into the very life of the Klondike gold rush, enabling us to savor the past as an experience.

Education increasingly means developing the ability to live humanly in the technological culture by changing with it. Film is forever spinning out intensifications of the environment which make it visible and livable. The ability to control motion through its coordinates of time and space make film a creative agent in change. Not only does film reflect the time-space continuum of contemporary physics, but it can manipulate artistically those dimensions of motion which we find most problematic. The actuality of the medium, its here-and-now impact, reflects how completely the present tense has swallowed up both past and future. Freudian psychology dissolves history by making the past something we live; accelerated change warps the future by bringing it so close that we can't conceive it as "ahead" of us. An art which creates its own space, and can move time forward and back, can humanize change by conditioning us to live comfortably immersed in its fluctuations.

ON the level of form, then, perhaps the young are tuned in to film for "telling it like it is" in a sense deeper than that of fidelity to the event. It is film's accurate reflection of a society and of human life totally in flux that makes it the liberating art of the time. We live our lives more like Guido in *8½*—spinners of fantasies, victims of events, the products of mysterious associations—than we do like Maria in *The Sound of Music,* with a strange destiny guiding our every step. Instead of resisting change and bottling it, film intensifies the experience of change, humanizing it in the process. What makes the ending of *The Graduate* "true" to young people is not that Ben has rescued his girl from the Establishment, but that he did it without a complete plan for the future. The film may fail under analysis, but it is extraordinarily coherent as experience, as I learned in conversations about it with the young. The same accurate reflection of the day may be said of the deep space relativity of *2001,* the frantic pace of *Petulia,* or the melodramatic plotting of *Rosemary's Baby.* Whether this limitless capacity for

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change within the creative limits of art has sober implications for the future raises the next (and larger) questions of what young people look for and get out of film.

When the question of film content is raised, the example of *Flicker* and other films cited may seem to indicate that young people favor as little substance as possible in their film experiences. A casual glance at popular drive-in fare would confirm this opinion quickly. Nevertheless, their attitude toward "what films are about" evidences a young, developing sensitivity to challenging comments on what it means to be human. The young are digging the strong humanism of the current film renaissance and allowing its currents to carry them to a level deeper than that reached by previous generations. One might almost say that young people are going to the film-maker's work for values that they have looked for in vain from the social, political, or religious establishments. This reaction, which has made film modern man's morality play, has not been carefully analyzed, but the present state of evidence invites our inquiry.

AS far as the "point" of films is concerned, young people will resist a packaged view, but will welcome a problematic one. The cry, "Please, I'd rather do it myself!" should be taken to heart by the film-maker. It is better to use understatement in order to score a personal discovery by the viewer. Such a discovery of an idea is a major part of our delight in the experience of film art. A frequent answer to a recent survey question indicated that a young man takes his girl to the movies so that they will have something important to talk about. It is not a matter of pitting film discussion against "making out," but of recognizing that a rare and precious revelation of self to the other is often occasioned by a good film. The young feel this experience as growth, expanded vitality, more integral possession of one's self with the consequent freedom to go out to others more easily and more effectively.

Very little of the business of being human happens by instinct, and so we need every form of education that enlightens or accelerates that process. While young people do not go to films for an instant humanization course, a strong part of the pleasure they take in excellent films does just this. Whether through a connaturality of the medium described earlier, or because of a freer viewpoint, young audiences frequently get more out of films than their mentors. It is not so much a matter of seeing more films, but of seeing more in a film. The film-as-escape attitude belongs to an age when the young were not yet born; and the film-as-threat syndrome has little meaning for the sixteen to twenty-four group, simply because they are free from their elders' hang-ups. A typical irrelevance that causes youthful wonder is the elderly matron's complaint that *Bonnie and Clyde* would teach bad driving habits to the young.

The performance of youthful audiences in discussions of contemporary film indicates their freedom from the judgmental screen which blurs so many films for other generations. In speaking of *Bonnie and Clyde,* late high school kids and young adults do not dwell upon the career of crime or the irregularity of the sexual relationship, but upon other things. The development of their love fascinates young people, because Clyde shows he knows Bonnie better than she knows herself. Although he resists her aggressive sexual advances, he knows and appreciates her as a person. It is the sincerity of their growing love that overcomes his impotence, and the relationship between this achievement and their diminished interest in crime is not lost on the young audience. The reversal of the "sleep together now, get acquainted later" approach is significant here. These are only a few of the nuances that sensitive ears and eyes pick up beneath the gunfire and banjo-plucking. Similarly, out of the chaotic impressions of *Petulia,* patterns are perceived. Young people note the contrasts between Petulia's kooky, chaotic life, and the over-controlled precision of the surgeon's existence. The drama is that they both come away a little different for their encounter. Instead of a stale moral judgment on their actions, one finds open-ended receptivity to the personal development of the characters.

YOUTH in search of identity is often presented as a ridiculous spectacle, a generation of Kierkegaards plaintively asking each other: "Who am I?" Nevertheless, the quest is real and is couched in terms of a hunger for experience. SDS or LSD, McCarthy buttons or yippie fashions, it is all experimentation in identity, trying on experiences to see if they fit. The plea is to stop the world, not so that they can get off, but so they can get a handle on it. To grasp each experience, to suck it dry of substance, and to grow in that process is behind the desire to be "turned on." But of all the lurid and bizarre routes taken by young people, the one that draws least comment is that of the film experience. More people have had their minds expanded by films than by LSD. Just as all art nudges man into the sublime and vicarious experience of the whole range of the human condition, film does so with a uniquely characteristic totality and involvement.

Ben, *The Graduate,* is suffocating under his parents' aspirations, a form of drowning which every young person has felt in some way. But the film mirrors their alienation in filmic terms, by changes in focus, by the metaphors of

George C. Scott and Julie Christie in *Petulia*—"Instead of stale moral judgment on their actions, one finds open-ended receptivity to the personal development of characters."

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conveyor belt sidewalk and swimming pool, better than any moralist could say it. The satirical portraits of the parents may be broad and unsubtle, but the predicament is real and compelling. This is why the young demand no assurances that Ben and the girl will live happily ever after; it is enough that he jarred himself loose from the sick apathy and languid sexual experimentation with Mrs. Robinson to go after one thing, one person that he wanted for himself, and not for others. Incidentally, those who are not busy judging the morality of the hotel scenes will note that sex doesn't communicate without love. Some may even note that Ben is using sex to strike at his parents—not a bad thing for the young (or their parents) to know.

Emotional maturity is never painless and seldom permanent, but it can become a bonus from viewing good films because it occurs there not as taught but experienced. Values communicated by film are interiorized and become a part of oneself, not simply an extension of the womb that parents and educators use to shield the young from the world. Colin Smith, in *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner,* IS youth, not because he did it to the Establishment, but because he is trying to be his own man and not sweat his guts out for another. The profound point of learning who you are in the experience of freedom, as Colin did in running, is not lost on the young who think about this film a little. Some speak of Col's tragedy as a failure to realize he could have won the race for himself, and not for the governor of the Borstal. Self-destruction through spite, the pitfalls of a self-justifying freedom, and the sterility of bland protest are real problems that emerge from the film. The values that appeal most are the invisible ones that move a person to act because "it's me" (part of one's identity), and not because of "them." Because they have become an object of discovery and not of imposition, such values tend to make morality indistinguishable from self-awareness.

IT should be made clear, however, that it is not merely the content, but the mode of involvement in the film experience that makes its humanism effective. In terms of "message," much of contemporary film reflects the social and human concerns that Bob Dylan, the Beatles, Simon and Garfunkel, and Joan Baez communicate. But the words of their songs often conceal the radical nature of the music in which they appear. The direct emotional appeal of the sound of "Eleanor Rigby," "Give a Damn," "I Am a Rock," or "Mr. Businessman" communicates before we have the words deciphered. Films with honest human concern, similarly, change audiences as much by their style as their message. *Elvira Madigan's* overpowering portrait of a hopeless love, *A Thousand Clowns'* image of nonconformity, *Zorba's* vitality, and *Morgan's* tragedy are not so much the content of the images as the outcome of their cinematic logic. If these films change us, it is because we have done it to ourselves by opening ourselves to their experiences.

Expo 67 audiences were charmed by the Czech Kinoautomat in which their vote determined the course of comic events in a film. Once again, we find here not a peek into the future, but an insight into all film experience. In one way or another, we vote on each film's progress. The passive way is to patronize dishonest or cynical films, for our box-office ballot determines the selection of properties for years to come. We have been voting this way for superficial emotions, sterile plots, and happy endings for a generation. But we vote more actively and subtly by willing the very direction of a film through identification with the character, or absorption into the action. The viewer makes a private or social commitment in film experience. He invests a portion of himself in the action, and if he is changed, it is because he has activated his own dreams. What happens on the screen, as in the case of *Flicker,* is the catalyst for the value systems, emotional responses, and the indirect actions which are the by-products of a good film. Film invites young people to be part of the action by making the relationships which take the work beyond a mere succession of images. The reason why young people grow through their art is that they supply the associations that merely begin on the screen but do not end there. When parents and educators become aware of this, their own efforts at fostering maturity may be less frantic, and more effective.

It is not only the films that please and delight which appeal to the young, but also those which trouble and accuse by bringing our fears into the open. The new audience for documentary films highlights a new way of looking at film as an escape *into* reality. From *The War Game* to *Warrendale,* from *The Titicut Follies* to *Battle of Algiers,* young audiences are relishing the film's ability to document the present in terms of strong social relevance. *Portrait of Jason* is more than a voyeuristic peek into the psyche of a male whore; it is a metaphor for the black man's history in America, and this is what young people see in that film. Even the most strident dissenters will appreciate the ambiguities of *The Anderson Platoon,* which leaves us without anyone to hate, because it is not about Marines and Vietcong, but about men like ourselves. In these as in other films, the social content is intimately wed to the film experience, and together they form a new outlook. Ultimately, we may have to change our views on what film art is about.

The foregoing analysis of how young people look at film will appear to some to constitute a simplistic eulogy to youth. For this reason, we may temper our optimism by a hard look at real problems with this generation. There is a desperate need for education. Although they cannot all be structured, none of the better youthful attitudes or responses described came about by chance. Mere screening of films, for example, whether

Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway in *Bonnie and Clyde*—"It is the sincerity of their growing love that overcomes his impotence, and the relationship between this achievement and their diminished interest in crime is not lost on the young audience."

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"HAIL 'JOANNA'!

Every now and then a movie comes along that gives one the feeling that things are going to change: 'The Graduate', 'Bonnie and Clyde'. This year it may well be 'Joanna.' It is fresh; its spirit is contemporary; its attitudes are youthfully free of cant or moralizing. It is a joy to watch. 'Joanna' is right out of today. In its way it is brave and bold."

—Hollis Alpert, Saturday Review

"MICHAEL SARNE MAKES THE MOST DAZZLING DIRECTORIAL DEBUT OF THE YEAR. His heroine is a Sassoon-style adolescent who plays musical beds with every boy who rubs against her, makes friends with the world, and generally lives without any of the conventional moral hang-ups. As the amoral wide-eyed girl, Genevieve Waite is startling."

—Time Magazine

"THERE IS CREATIVITY GALORE IN 'JOANNA.' Director Michael Sarne can take a bow for having plunged ahead with originality, free style, built-in musicality, high purpose, and over-all grasp of what cinema is all about these days. What I particularly like is the look of the film, the naturalness of an inter-racial love affair."

—William Wolf, Cue

"Refreshing, provocative and exquisite to behold. The pulse-beat of youth is absolutely captured. I'd like to salute the entire cast. How delightful to watch them as they convey the frenzied existence of the now people."

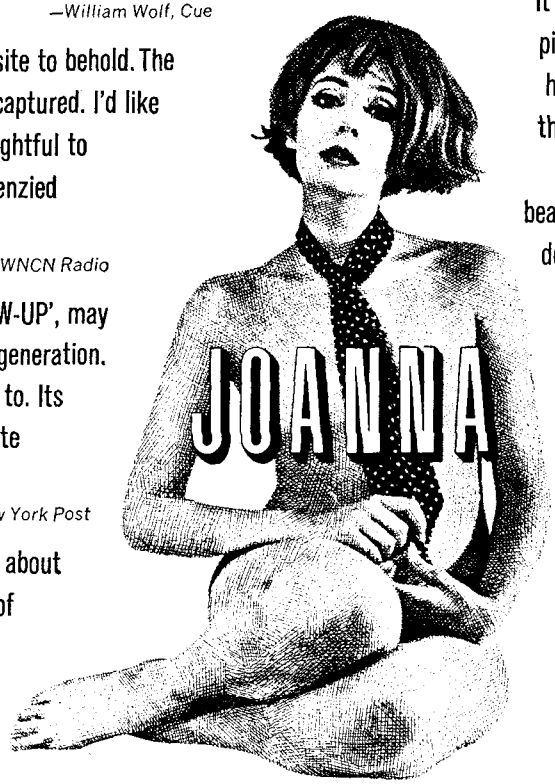
—Sheldon Landwehr, WNCN Radio

"'JOANNA' IN THE GENRE OF 'BLOW-UP', may do every bit as well with the now generation. Stunning to look at—fun to listen to. Its flip amorality will no doubt infuriate the hard-working middle class."

—Frances Herridge, New York Post

"'Joanna' scored with me. This film about abortion, violence, racial love out of wedlock will be controversial so I suggest you go see it."

—Liz Smith, Cosmopolitan



"THE FILM IS DAZZLING. The cast and director are spectacularly talented. The camera work is beautiful beyond description. The action is impudent and charming and the ending is sheer elation, a Fellini-like tour-de-force."*—Joseph Gelmis, Newsday*

"It may not be too much to say that the definitive picture about the new, mod generation of London has finally turned up. The thing about 'Joanna' is that it has imagination and style, possesses both verve and flair, and that it comes off with beautiful, telling effect. Is a warm and effervescent delight. There's a straightforward, down-to-earth, no-nonsense love affair between Joanna and a black man that carries the situation first explored in 'Guess Who's Coming to Dinner' several steps further along the way."

—Leo Mishkin, Morning Telegraph

"THE SWINGING SCENE HAS NEVER LOOKED MORE ENTICING." *—Kathleen Carroll, Daily News*

Photograph by Michael Sarne • Copyright 1968 Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation • COLOR by DeLuxe

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—Bob Willoughby (Lee Gross).

John Cassavetes as the Devil in *Rosemary's Baby*—"What moves [the young audience] must have the pace, novelty, style, and spontaneity of a TV commercial."

they be classics or trash, does little good. Colleges can become places where the young are taught hypocrisy, being told they "should" like Fellini, Bergman, Antonioni, or Godard. They can accept these film-makers just as uncritically as their parents adulated movie stars. Unless there is encouragement to reflect on film experience, its impact can be minimal and fleeting. Most of the responses I have mentioned came from students who were well into the habit of discussing film. These discussions are best when they flow from the natural desire we have to communicate our feelings about a film. Nonverbalization, the reluctance to betray by treacherous abstractions the ineffable experience of the film, arises at this point. Real as it is, there must be found some middle ground between a suffocatingly detailed dissection of a film, and the noncommunicative exclamation, "like WOW!" Reflecting on one's experience is an integral part of making that experience part of one's self. Furthermore, one can see an almost immediate carry-over to other film experiences from each film discussed.

A problem more crucial than lack of reflection is the poverty of critical perspective. The young can plunge into their personal version of the *auteur* theory and make a fad or fetish out of certain films and directors. Roman Polanski has made some bad films, that is, films which do not reflect his own experience and feelings honestly as did *Knife in the Water*. Fascinating as *Rosemary's Baby* is, it suffers from an uncertain relationship of the director to his work. Some directors are adulated for peripheral or irrelevant reasons. Joseph Losey is a good film-maker, not because of a cynical preoccupation with evil, but because, like Hitchcock and Pinter, he makes us less certain of our virtue. And Buñuel, far from being a cheerful anarchist attacking church and society with abandon, is a careful surgeon, excising with camera the growths of degenerate myth on the cancerous culture.

IN their own work, young people can celebrate bad film-making as "honest" and voyeuristic films as "mature." Criticism of poor films is not "putting down" the director for doing his own thing, especially if his thing is trite, dishonest, or so personal that it has no meaning accessible to others. Criticism means taking a stand on the basis of who you are. The current preference of spoof over satire is not just another instance of cool over hot, but is symptomatic of a noncritical stance. *Dr. Strangelove* makes comic absurdity out of the cold war from a certain conviction about what mature political action should be. The *Laugh-In* has no convictions but a lot of opinions. If it is accused of favoring an idea or cause, it will refute the charge by ridiculing what it holds. The cynical, sophisticated noninvolvement of the "won't vote" movement in the recent election has its counterpart in film viewing.

A question that should perhaps have been asked earlier is: Why should we be concerned with asking how young people look at film? Tired reasons, citing *Time's* Man of the Year, the under-twenty-five generation, or the youthquake menace of *Wild in the Streets* (they'll be taking over!) are not appropriate here. Anyone who is interested in the direction taken by cinema, and its continued vitality in the current renaissance of the art, will have to take the young into account as the major shaping force on the medium. If the age group from sixteen to twenty-four accounts for 48 per cent of the box office, it means that this eight-year period determines the success or failure of most films. Formula for capturing this audience. *Variety* described the youth market as a booby trap for the industry, citing the surprise success of sleepers such as *Bonnie and Clyde* and *The Graduate*, as well as the supposed youth-appeal failures (*Half a Sixpence, Poor Cow, Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush*). The list may suggest a higher level of young taste than producers are willing to admit. In any case, if the young have influenced the medium this far, we cannot ignore the fact. It is for this reason that we are encouraged to speculate on the future in the form of two developments revolutionizing the young approach to film: student film-making and multi-media experiences.

More and more, the answer to how young people look at film is "through the lens of a camera." In coming years, it will be youth as film-maker, and not simply as audience, that will spur the evolution of the cinema. Students want a piece of the action, whether in running a university, the country, or the world; in terms of our question, this means making films. There is a strong resonance between film-making and the increasingly sophisticated film experience. Young people delighted by a television commercial are tempted to say: "I could do that!" Considering the cost and artistry of some commercials, this is a pretty naïve statement, but it doesn't stop the young from taking out their father's Super-8 or buying an old Bolex to tell their story on film. Today, anyone can make a film. Although Robert Flaherty's longed-for parousia, when film is as cheap as paper, has not yet arrived, the art has come into the reach of almost everyone. The Young Film-Makers Conference held by Fordham University last February drew 1,200 people, 740 of them student film-makers below college age. On a few weeks' notice, some 120 films were submitted for screening. Kids flew in from Richmond, California, and bussed in from Louisville, Kentucky, with twenty-seven states and Canada represented. Numbers, however, do not tell the story. One of the notable directors and actors present sized up the scene by saying: "My God, I'm standing here in the middle of a revolution!" It was the quality of the films that caused Eli Wallach to remark, only half in jest, that some day he'd be working for one of these film-makers. The young look at film as potential or actual film-makers, and this fact raises participation to an unprecedented critical level. The phenomenon also removes the last residue of passive audience participation from the Golden Forties box-office bonanza.

Foolhardy though it may be, one can predict that the new interest in film will

(*Continued on page 60*)

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2. The Falling Stars

By HOLLIS ALPERT

IN 1962, it still made some sense to say, as did Richard Schickel in his book, *The Stars*, that "the star stands at the very center of movie economics, and it is to his public image that all movies, no matter how high their artistic aims, are tailored." Mr. Schickel exempted certain foreign films from this dictum, but, even so, one wonders if, today, he would want to withdraw it. Certainly, those at the very center of movie economics would not be likely to agree with him, especially after totting up the returns on such films as *Blow-Up*, *Bonnie and Clyde*, *The Graduate*, *Rosemary's Baby*, and *2001: A Space Odyssey*. These films and several others not tailored to any particular star image have caused Hollywood and that hyperactive branch in London to wonder if they've been placing their bets on the wrong stables.

The new "thinking" found its way into a *Variety* headline of a few months back: RISING SKEPTICISM ON STARS—OVERLY COSTLY, LACK B.O. PUNCH. In a free translation, this meant that the film companies are less inclined to base their production schedules on the availability of "important" stars or to pay them their astronomical fees (perhaps $1,000,000 or more), looking instead to other areas for the ingredients of a box-office smash. The development is an important one for the movie-going public, for it can mean—and has already meant—a fresher look for motion pictures.

It was only a few years ago that a would-be producer could babble to friends: "I've got myself a deal with UA if I can get myself a star." This meant that if Burt Lancaster, or Kirk Douglas, or Doris Day would agree to appear in his picture, the company would willingly provide him with a bankroll, with a hefty slice of the budget going to the star. The star would have consolidated his bargaining position during the dark Fifties, sometimes taking over the production reins himself. The banks that provided the loans for feature film production required the presence of a star in a film as a kind of mystical guarantee of its public appeal. Thus, Stanley Kubrick, before he was able to make his now classic *Paths of Glory* in 1958, had to shop around among the "bankable" stars before he could get his project approved. Kirk Douglas was the one who finally made the film possible.

More recently, when Kubrick made *2001: A Space Odyssey*, he had full freedom to choose his performers without regard to their public images, and, in fact, he gave a major role to a non-star and a non-human—Hal, the computer aboard the spaceship. Hal, perhaps symbolically, all but stole the show, and the film, in spite of its extremely high cost, is one of the most successful in MGM's recent history.

Yet, it was only two years ago that a highly placed executive in that same company told me that his own computer had reaffirmed his faith in the value of stars. "We ran through some figures on movies made without names," he said, "and compared them with movies featuring important stars. The costs of the latter were higher, but on balance they showed a higher profit margin." It is safe to say that MGM's computers are punching out a different message today.

IN the *Variety* issue mentioned above, the reporter, Lee Beaupre, did some adding up of his own and discovered that many of filmdom's most sacrosanct star names had little, if any, interest for the movie-going public. He used the same criterion that the studios use: film rental returns. Heading his list of losers was Marlon Brando, whose films during the past ten years all went into the red ink column. Two of them, according to Mr. Beaupre, carried "history-making deficits." Included in the cross section of sometime flop artists were such well known people as Yul Brynner, Glenn Ford, James Garner, Brigitte Bardot, Tony Curtis, William Holden, Rock Hudson, Anthony Quinn, and Natalie Wood. Not all of their films came in at a loss, but their combined salaries could have reconstructed the blighted areas of Cleveland, and with considerably more profit.

IN the industry, however, all it took to counter such facts was to mention the name of Elizabeth Taylor, a superstar if there ever was one. With a choice selection of film projects to choose from, with script approval, director approval, and co-star approval, Miss Taylor was certainly testimony to the importance of a star. But was she? A look at the recent record appears to show otherwise. *The Comedians* (with Richard Burton and Alec Guinness as co-stars) came out a loss, perhaps to be rescued by its television sale. *Reflections in a Golden Eye* (with Marlon Brando) glimmered faintly and sank. *Boom!* (again with Burton) was a shuddering box-office bomb. And *Secret Ceremony*, buttressed with a supposedly vibrant and much talked-about

Paul Newman directing Joanne Woodward in *Rachel, Rachel*—"There is no reason at all for an observant, intelligent actor, able to keep his ego under control, not to learn directional techniques while acting."

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new star, Mia Farrow, and with a solid old one, Robert Mitchum, probably won't bring back the paper the contracts were written on.

The signs are all too apparent that the star system, on which the film industry once rose to its financial and mass-appeal glories, is crumbling, if not already defunct. The cultural signs, too, are all around us. Fabled favorites of past decades have become Madison Avenue camp, to be quaintly mocked in magazine ads and TV commercials. Former movie queens occasionally totter into films, but usually as grotesque caricatures in the horror genre. The vogue for Tiny Tim is, in a way, a horselaugh at the star system. Michael J. Pollard is "in"; Cary Grant is "out." The over-thirties might still nominate Julie Andrews as a star of today, but her most recent effort *Star!*, directed by the fail-safe Robert Wise, looks as though it will wind up on the deficit side. Ask someone under thirty "Who is a movie star?" and you'll likely get the answer I got: "Dustin Hoffman. Maybe?"

Another sign of the changing times got dramatic attention some months ago when Richard Burton exhibited symptoms of tardiness during the shooting of a film called *Laughter in the Dark*. The director, Tony Richardson, peremptorily fired Burton when he showed up a half hour late and replaced him with a non-star, the presumably more punctual Nicol Williamson. Until that heretical moment, Burton had been regarded as the foremost male star of our time. Of importance is the fact that United Artists backed the director.

ONE reason the film industry had remained so loyal to its stars was the link they represented between the film present and the film past. They were a relatively stable element in a financially unstable medium. Hollywood folklore is full of stories about the girl discovered in a drug store who sailed on to film glory trailing profits in her wake. In the publicity apparatus developed by the studios, stars were the most exploitable items. The supposedly sophomoric public gobbled up the stuff, identified with the stars, dreamed about them at night. And, when movies were in their more primitive period, this, to an extent, was true. Movies were, indeed, tailored to their images. Stars were very handy for the kind of simplistic movies the studios preferred to make. If movies were made with and for stars, the clichés could be repeated endlessly. Stars were "types," and the type soon enough becomes the cliché.

But, with the emergence of the rival medium, television, the star system, as it had been developed over the years, was doomed, although it took some time to realize why. For one thing, the clichés were to be found on the home tube; for another, "personalities" appeared so thick and fast on it that stars lost their exclusivity and remoteness, their mythic configurations. But the most important development (and it took the rise of a whole new generation before it became apparent) was the visual training and orientation the young viewers received. The medium itself grew more addictive than the personalities, and it is to the visually dynamic film, the more "cinematic" kind of film experience, that our newly mature generation is more likely to respond. Many older film critics are finding it hard themselves to adjust to the new "style" that is more and more coming into being and principally espoused by younger directors, many of them trained in television. This accounts for the crusty critical greeting often given such films as *2001: A Space Odyssey*, or *Joanna*, in which subject, style, technique, and ambience loom more importantly than the display of personality or even "story." Younger viewers have little difficulty in jumping the "gaps." They don't require the familiarity of star faces and mannerisms in order to absorb meanings, for films to "speak" to them.

Seymour Cassel in *Faces*—"not as a type, not as a performer, but as a contributor to the film reality."

It is not that the public has tired of stars. They simply don't count for as much any more. An Antonioni insists on subordinating his performers, even his stars, to the demands of his visual and meaningful conception. The industry will insist on misinterpreting the significance of the box-office results of so admittedly difficult a film as *Blow-Up*. It will assume that it was the magnetic qualities of David Hemmings or Vanessa Redgrave that brought it through. But put those same new "stars" in a bloated, more traditional film, such as *Camelot*, and they seem to have not the slightest drawing power. Another misinterpretation is to assume that it is the "sex" in the film that attracts the public. But it is wishful thinking, indeed, to assume that a few moments of artistically nuanced eroticism is what causes audiences to sit through two rather subtle hours. There's always 42nd Street, and the grind houses everywhere, for a rawer kind of sex—and in infinitely greater measure.

An audience has emerged for the visually exciting film, and it is a large one that is often able to discern between the fake, the empty, and the newer and more challenging filmic conceptions. Today, the director who shows the ability to "style" his films and to communicate with cinematic directness, is the one most in demand. The director has virtually replaced the star at the center of movie economics. Mike Nichols, quite properly, has become the first million-dollar director. Until he demonstrates otherwise, it is assumed he knows the secret of this shorthand cinematic method. Critics and movie buffs may complain and lament that movies aren't being made the same way as they used to be in the good old days; aging producers may declare that there's nothing wrong with the movies that a crop of new faces (by which some of them mean new and bigger breasts and buttocks) won't cure; but the truth of the matter is that the old form of fan worship is unutterably square, espoused perhaps by today's lineal descendants of the bobby-sox screamers but with no discernible effect on what happens at the box office.

It is slowly being realized even in the financial bastions of the film industry that stars don't matter very much any more. Here's a recent quote by a major studio head: "Carefully choose your producers, directors, and writers, and the actors will take care of themselves." No one has any real objection to putting a big star name in a picture, but it had better be the right star for the right picture. It is the tailoring concept that has gone out the window. The canny star will seek the role for which he is right, the film to which his own style, perhaps talent, can contribute rather than stultify. It is the talented performer who is coming to the fore, and because of this the term "star" will take on a more genuine connotation. Such figures as Rod Steiger, Sidney Poitier, George C. Scott, and Anne Bancroft deserve their star designations. They are sterling, creative performers, able to subordinate their public images (although Sidney Poitier is beginning to show signs of typing himself) to the demands of a role. Ironically, the above were not even regarded as

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true stars by the industry, until recent box-office figures proved otherwise.

The more creatively gifted stars often appear ready to abandon their public images in order to make a more effective contribution to the film medium itself. Certainly Warren Beatty's instincts were correct when he rebelled against his "pretty boy" roles—which were getting him nowhere anyway—and decided to produce his own picture, *Bonnie and Clyde*. Suddenly it was Warren Beatty, the actor, the cinematic performer, who electrified the screen. Nor did he show any inclination to hasten into another picture. He didn't have to; *Bonnie and Clyde* made him wealthy. Paul Newman showed his dissatisfaction with his star image by directing a picture. A studio decided to "humor" him and *Rachel, Rachel* was the result, one of the bigger successes of the year. The cinematic language is by no means the sole possession of directors. There is no reason at all for an observant, intelligent actor, able to keep his ego under control, not to be able to learn directorial techniques while performing in films. Hollywood's tendency to categorize can prove a financial boomerang. And, meanwhile, having given Paul Newman his opportunity, another fine acting talent was thereby resuscitated: Joanne Woodward. Hollywood had all but given up on her, too.

Some do better by working outside the industry channels. John Cassavetes, not exactly an important star but one in demand because of his professional capabilities, seems to find the film-making process more challenging than acting. His *Faces* has its peculiarities and not altogether successful moments, but its concepts are light-years away from the stereotypes of the films on which the industry has invested its resources for so long. Nor can the industry point to *Faces* as an experiment for select and limited audiences; for it will out-earn many an expensive "commercial" Hollywood product. Cassavetes uses his actors not as types, or even as performers, but as contributors to the film reality he is attempting to achieve. This may well be a significant direction, once again pointing to the end of the dominance of the star.

Thus the film itself becomes the star, becomes the attracting force for the public, or at least one very important segment of the public. The more visually sophisticated the audience grows, the more it will ask that movies provide the kind of experience that is inherent in the medium. Whether it is the quivering excitement of *Bullitt*, the devilish fantasy of *Rosemary's Baby*, or the deft, cinematic fun of *Joanna*, these are basically films. Their inhabitants may be or become stars, but it is as films that they are successful.

3. Engaging the Eye-Minded

By ARTHUR KNIGHT

WHEN one unkind critic, writing of Stanley Kramer's *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, dubbed it "the best film of 1956," he was in effect capsulizing the enormous change that has come over pictures in the past ten years. In 1956, everyone was still urging the movies to "say something," to be about something that mattered to our society. Today, such sociological concerns are being met one way or another in an astonishing number of films. But what has changed even more significantly is the *style* of storytelling on the screen. Incredibly enough, ten years ago Kramer's approach to *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* was virtually the only one open to a film-maker, unless he was aiming specifically for an art house release. Ten years ago, for example, the flat, abrupt transitions in Stanley Kubrick's *Paths of Glory* seemed downright revolutionary. Today, new styles and new techniques are proliferating on every hand—and woe to the director who ignores them.

It requires no vast research to discover how and where this new syntax and vocabulary entered the cinematic language. The change was going on throughout much of the Fifties, and under our very noses. There were the films of Ingmar Bergman, the enigmatic Swede, whose *Wild Strawberries* flashed from present to past on the swift wings of free association, and whose *Magician* never left us certain of what was real and what was hallucination. There was Antonioni who, in films like *L'Avventura*, *La Notte*, and *L'Eclisse*, slowed down life with his camera to reveal the meaning behind each nuance and gesture of his tortured, middle-class characters; and, far more volatile, there was his compatriot Fellini, who, in *La Dolce Vita*—and even more impressively in *8½*—seemed to capture the contemporary scene in all its intensity, using his camera as a prism to reveal its many facets. Most of all, beginning late in the Fifties, there was the impetus of the French "new wave"—Godard, Resnais, Truffaut—that swept before it all the rules, all the conventions, all the accepted standards for

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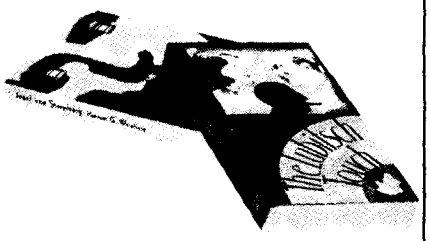

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theatrical moviemaking. Most of the youthful "new wave" directors, incidentally, had begun as film students and film critics. Because they knew their medium so well, they knew what was safe—and perhaps even necessary—to smash.

WHAT started in France spread swiftly to England, where a whole new generation of film-makers—headed by Lindsay Anderson, Karel Reisz, and Tony Richardson—operating under the banner of "free cinema," drastically altered the leisurely pace and well bred air of most British pictures. With such titles as *Room at the Top, Saturday Night and Sunday Morning, The Sporting Life,* and *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner,* they moved the British film out of the drawing room into the kitchen and introduced a taut, elliptical narrative style. Curiously, these pictures, although originally booked into the art houses, began to attract considerably wider audiences—especially youthful audiences. (Father John Culkin now calls *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner* "the *Silas Marner* of high school study groups.") With the appearance of Richard Lester's free-form, free-wheeling *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help!*, all previous distinctions between art house pictures and mass-appeal movies completely broke down. What had started out in the art houses had suddenly swept into the mainstream of film-making, and with such force, such impact, as to demolish any picture made in the more traditional or conventional modes.

Of inestimable importance in preparing audience acceptance for the new look in films was, ironically, television. It has often been said that TV's moronic situation comedies, crime shows, and Westerns—not to forget the commercials—were what drove people back to the movie houses in the first place. But when they got there, they brought with them a new way of seeing. As the McLuhanites are so fond of pointing out, television—and particularly the commercials—had accustomed them to seeing more, and faster. It is no coincidence that Richard Lester first made his reputation in England as a director in this field, nor that what might be called the "now" look in movies has all the zip, speed, and visual excitement of a picture that has to deliver its entire message in just sixty seconds.

FOR the fact is that we are watching a new kind of storytelling on the screen today. Consider the recent *Bullitt* as an example. In the old days of the murder mystery, after the killer had been tracked down and disposed of, the detective would generally assemble the entire surviving cast and patiently explain, clue by clue, how he had solved the case and, motive after motive, what had caused the killings in the first place. In *Bullitt*, on the other hand, the criminal is simply pursued, unmasked, and shot down in cold blood, whereupon our hero returns home, washes his hands, and pops into bed (with his lady friend). No explanations are forthcoming. If anyone wants to try to figure out who did what to whom, and why, that is strictly up to him.

Bullitt, I find, is completely typical of the "now" look in American movies—a swift-moving, constantly shifting surface that suggests rather than reveals depths. If the surface is made particularly intriguing, then perhaps the viewer will want to plunge beneath it, will see the film again and again—as do the devotees of *The Graduate*, for example—until they have plumbed it to their satisfaction. I suspect that neither director Mike Nichols nor Buck Henry and Calder Willingham, the writers of *The Graduate*, were quite prepared for the quantities of intensive analysis that their little comedy occasioned; and I am quite certain that Richard Benton and David Newman, the youthful authors of *Bonnie and Clyde*, had no idea of the comtemporary implications that today's audiences would discover in their retelling of a particularly sordid episode from the early Thirties. (Perhaps Arthur Penn, the film's director, knew, but not Benton and Newman.) Similarly, Antonioni's *Blow-Up* owes its unanticipated success at least as much to the bafflements of its story as to its nude teen-agers tussling with David Hemmings on that purple paper. The very best film-makers may aim to engage the minds of their audiences—generally, either by piquing their curiosity or by shocking them out of their apathy—but they are becoming increasingly aware that first they must catch their eye.

For television has made this a particularly eye-minded generation. And what it sees, often in the briefest of flashes (the "clues" in *Mission Impossible*, for example), it retains and seeks relationships for. It was a young film student who pointed out to me the presence of a tiny red Volkswagen in the final shot of *Finian's Rainbow* as Astaire dances off toward the horizon. Was it there, he asked, because the director wanted to make some sly reference to the contemporary scene in what was otherwise a thoroughly uncontemporary musical? The car was there, I subsequently learned from Francis Ford Coppola, the director in question, because he had tried a dozen times to get an effective shot of a rainbow, and just on this one, which came out beautifully, "that damned Volks happened along." Coppola was delighted with my student's rationalization, commended him on his sharp eyesight, but still wished that the driver could have waited a few minutes.

It is this kind of visual alertness, however, that has enforced a change of pace on those film-makers who hope to stay "with it." *A Hard Day's Night, Help!*, and, currently, *Head* are perhaps extreme examples of how willingly the producers will forgo any semblance of plot today in favor of sheer momentum and the attractions of the unanticipated—qualities, not coincidentally, that characterize many of television's most successful commercials. But even the plotted film has been affected by the new speed of perception. Pictures such

Steve McQueen in *Bullitt*—"typical of the 'now' look in American movies—a swift-moving, constantly shifting surface that suggests rather than reveals depths."

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as *The Knack*, *Point Blank*, and *Bullitt* waste little time on dialogue scenes. Not only are the words pared to a minimum, but lines are frequently carried over into the next shot, when visually we have already moved to a new location and the start of a new scene. In *Charly*, director Ralph Nelson avoided the ping-pong effect of cutting back and forth between two characters talking together by placing them side by side, angled toward each other on a split screen, and letting us look at both at the same time. In one of the most effective sequences from *The Boston Strangler*, Richard Fleischer showed us on one side of his split screen the feet of a dead woman in a darkened room; on the other side, two neighbors wonder why she has not collected her mail. As they cautiously push open the door on the right panel, we see it simultaneously opening into the death room on the left. The audience, miraculously in two places at once, can only confirm the neighbors' apprehensions.

Not only are we seeing faster than ever these days, but apparently we can see more—if the film-makers will give us more to look at. The experience at Expo 67, less than two years ago, has provided ample confirmation of this, particularly in the Ontario pavilion's *A Place to Stand*, with its exciting innovation of the fragmented screen. Instead of merely one image to the frame, it may contain six, a dozen, two dozen of all shapes and sizes. But if the techniques of *A Place to Stand* have already been imitated in at least half a dozen pictures since their first appearance, so far only the makers of *The Boston Strangler* have grasped the fact that they have added a whole new dimension to storytelling. Where other films have used the device merely as an extension of the montage, a transitional means of hurrying through an awkward time lapse, Fleischer saw that it could be a functional part of his exposition, revealing in a single glance what half a dozen police units were doing at a given moment, or portraying the panic fear of sudden death spreading through an entire community. Watching it, as Joseph Morgenstern had written earlier of *A Place to Stand*, "is to learn how to read whole sentences instead of individual words."

These new techniques, however, cannot be forced upon traditional subject matter. Content and form are not separable; and nowhere is this more evident than in pictures that attempt to engraft Expo's multiple screen effects, or Resnais's swift flashbacks and flash-forwards, onto stories that follow a conventional formula. Thus, earlier this year, Richard Boone's *Kona Coast*, a straightforward adventure yarn, looked both pretentious and preposterous as it proceeded to mix up time in the *Marienbad* manner. Similarly, the split screens of *Grand Prix*, *The Thomas Crown Affair*, and the psychedelic sequence of *Charly* were all too obviously an affectation. On the other hand, the flat cutting of *Bullitt* (there is only one dissolve in the entire picture, and no fade-out until the final shot), the adroit use of multiple images in *The Boston Strangler*, and the swift, abrupt, discontinuous bits and pieces of *Petulia* and the current *Joanna* were all enormously effective precisely because they gave a fresh visual style to material that had a fresh, contemporary feel to it. More conventional techniques would have been as inappropriate as doing *Yellow Submarine* in the manner of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*.

FOR large factions of Hollywood, I fear, the impulse is to borrow a technique rather than to create a style, to use an idea that has already won acceptance rather than to encourage new modes of expression. Consequently, today's audiences—and particularly the young audiences—are frequently considerably ahead of them. Many have chosen Godard as their cinematic deity because, as far back as *Breathless*, he has been breaking all the careful rules of picture-making and splotching the screen with only those moments where he feels that his story, his characters, or his ideas have achieved their fullest intensity. For much the same reason, Richard Lester has been accorded a high place in the young people's pantheon. *A Hard Day's Night*, with its exuberant disregard for logic—as when Beatle George Harrison races down the corridor of a train, then a moment later is glimpsed through a window running alongside the train—has already been raised to the status of a contemporary classic. And both the aural and visual trickery of Antonioni's *Blow-Up*—such as his climactic, enigmatic tennis game in which the camera follows, and the microphone hears, a nonexistent tennis ball—somehow turn on its youthful viewers as surely as a capsule of LSD.

Peter Yates, director of *Bullitt*—"a new speed of perception."

Does this mean that today's screen has become a showcase for brainless, purely sensory delights? Not at all. Just as Herman Melville interrupted the narrative of *Moby Dick* for what he deemed significant dissertations on whales, whaling, and the sea (or, perhaps even more apt, just as Henry Miller generously larded his Tropical philosophizing with gobs of scatological storytelling), so Godard is not at all unwilling to punctuate his pictures with long passages in which the camera functions as little more than a tape recorder while characters recite their—or Godard's—views on world affairs. The point is that in these sequences, the words have become all-important to Godard, and therefore he has quite consciously de-emphasized the visuals.

ON another plane entirely, in my view, is Ingmar Bergman, who has made of the camera an ideal instrument for the expression of his metaphysical concepts of the multifaceted nature of man, the artist, and God. In both *Persona* and *Hour of the Wolf*, characters speak directly into the camera, while Bergman deliberately introduces devices—the tearing film in *Persona*, the sound-stage noises in *Hour of the Wolf*—to keep audiences ever conscious that they are actually looking at a movie, creating thereby the filmic equivalent of a Brechtian distancing. And, to choose yet another extreme, Satyajit Ray has successfully combined the poetic, documentary approach of Robert Flaherty with the humanistic concerns of a Jean Renoir to re-create on the screen small, personal dramas—from the past in his famed *Apu* trilogy, from the present in his more recent *Mahanagar*—that must someday be recognized as among the finest anthropological studies ever created.

For film does not move in only one direction, much as that might simplify life for the heads of studios—and perhaps for movie critics as well. But the conventional story well told in a conventional manner, such as *Lawrence of Arabia*, will no doubt always remain with us, as will such conventional movie musicals as *Finian's Rainbow*, or such artfully cinematized plays as *A Man for All Seasons* and *The Lion in Winter*. But these are for audiences who prize the security of the familiar, who enjoy the experience of having been there before. For the "now" audience, there are the face-to-face encounters provided by *cinéma verité*, which may take the form of a close-up of Stravinsky, or a harrowing tour of a state mental institution (*The Titicut Follies*), or a two-hour interview with a Negro male prostitute

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4. Hollywood Transition

By GORDON STULBERG

A "NEW" film industry has emerged in America. In the past eight years, after a period of undisguised panic, initiative in the industry has shifted from the big studio and the mass production methods of the old Hollywood to the "individual picture." Despite the impact of TV—perhaps because of it—and despite the change in leisure habits, movies did not die; only a system disappeared.

In 1949, the old industry was at its zenith. The so-called major companies stood intact—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Twentieth Century-Fox, Columbia Pictures, RKO, Universal, Republic, Paramount, Warner Brothers—all with large studios, run for the most part by the men who founded them. These studios maintained sales and advertising forces throughout the world and controlled the exhibition of pictures through the ownership of large theater chains. The year 1948 had seen the largest theatrical grosses in history; 1949 was only slightly less prosperous. Some 90,000,000 paid admissions per week in the United States attested to the universality of the "movie-going" habit.

And then the roof fell in. In 1950 came the "Consent" decree, whereby those producing companies owning theater chains in the United States were ordered to divest themselves of their holdings. With that decree went the automatic availability of the theaters which had made distribution possible regardless of quality. Within the next two years the full impact of television hit America, and theater attendance dropped to 45,000,000 a week and distribution income dropped from $1.7 billion to under $1 billion. Some 6,000 theaters fell by the wayside. Three companies retired from the scene—Republic, Monogram, and RKO. Others retrenched by eliminating their contract players, directors, and writers, and by dropping aggregate motion picture production from more than 400 per year to fewer than 150 per year. And as the studios banked their fires, precipitously and sometimes carelessly, the vacuum created by their abdication and the loss of control over exhibition led to further diminishing of the "Hollywood Empire."

As a consequence, independent producers—Stanley Kramer; Hal Wallis; Hecht, Hill, and Lancaster; and other companies formed by stars and highly regarded producers—stepped in to supply distribution companies with products on a qualitative rather than a quantitative basis. In assuming control of the picture-making services they further hammered at Hollywood as the seat of power. They made pictures abroad to suit the tax convenience of stars, to get authentic locales, and to take advantage of subsidies or cheaper labor costs. Had it not been for the production of television films, Hollywood would have shut its doors altogether.

The new, highly individualized approach to picture-making, as opposed to the mass production, studio-head-oriented process of the Thirties and Forties, has produced stunning successes. *Bridge on the River Kwai; The Longest Day; El Cid; Around the World in Eighty Days*; *The Ten Commandments*, and *It's a Mad, Mad Mad, Mad World* have demonstrated that while the "movie-going" habit may have disappeared, the desire to see a particular film was stronger than ever; and people began to talk about going to the movies again. They attended individual pictures in such numbers that, despite a modest increase in annual production from 150 to perhaps 175 films in the mid-Sixties, total theater admissions began to rise from 1964 and have continued to rise ever since.

As the economic scene changed, the "majors" all adopted the "United Artists look." They no longer produced, but rather financed the production and handled the distribution of theatrical films. This further accelerated the trend toward "independent production" and caused a further deterioration in the status both of Hollywood as the center of the movie world, and of the studio heads as the masters of the motion picture destiny. The flight to Europe in the early and mid-Sixties brought the fortunes of Hollywood to its lowest ebb.

In 1967 the tide against Hollywood began to change. Fox led the resurgence by reopening its doors and embarking on an ambitious schedule of pictures inspired by the youngest and perhaps the most creative executive in Hollywood, Richard Zanuck. The Mirisch Corporation, producing for United Artists, kept Goldwyn Studios busy year-round; Music Corporation of America took over Universal International, restructuring the company and in the process pouring more than $15,000,000 into the refurbishing of the studio. The stimulus to regeneration was aided by the almost total collapse of Italy, France, and Spain as production centers. Higher labor costs, a change in the tax treatment of income earned abroad, the rejection on the world market of the bulk of "indigenous" foreign products, and the concomitant success of such domestically produced pictures as *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner, In the Heat of the Night, The Graduate, How the West Was Won, Valley of the Dolls,* and *Planet of the Apes* accelerated the trend.

The resurgent fortunes of Hollywood made an impression on the financial community. In succession, Gulf and Western absorbed Paramount, and Transamerican absorbed United Artists; MCA traded its stock for Westinghouse, and Seagram took a commanding position in MGM. Other interests long sensitive to favorable trends in entertainment became active in theatrical production—CBS, ABC, and National General. What seemingly became the darling of the merger-minded was not an overnight wonder, but a transmutation, a change in the method of producing films to meet the challenge posed by the competition which for ten long years had beaten Hollywood to its knees and seemed momentarily to threaten its extinction.

What lies ahead? The future appears more promising, more exciting than ever. The dynasties and their assembly-line methods of production, distribution, and exhibition are gone. The market for entertaining films seems to have no limit. Mergers have produced financial stability and, apparently, introduced managerial expertise without stifling creativity. The new Hollywood is experimenting with new themes, and it is encouraging young picture-makers and film school graduates. Many chains are refurbishing old theaters and constructing new ones at a rate of more than 300 per year. If the theater chains cannot meet the demand, who knows but that the majors may—consistent with the retention of the independent picture-making philosophy—move full circle by asking that they be permitted to own the means whereby the accelerated flow of product may reach the public.

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5. New Room at the Top

Teen-agers Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey in *Romeo and Juliet*—"The young must serve the young."

By A. D. MURPHY

TO BEGIN a professional career by "starting at the top" is one of youth's age-old ambitions, as understandable as it is nervously adolescent—in most cases, anyway. But in the American motion picture field, where art and industry have long experienced the agonies and the ecstasies of cohabitation, starting at the top is fashionable, realistic, and infinitely more practical than working up.

Tyro directors, writers, and producers will find that Hollywood doors are not just partly open to them; they also may run the pleasurable risk of being practically dragooned into prominence. With enough *chutzpah*, a younger person can get farther into a film company's front office than an acknowledged, but unemployable, older film-maker. With enough talent, he can carve out a career for himself. What manner of madness is this? It's the current accent on youth. (Accent, indeed! Like a pile driver's caress, this accent.)

The youth craze has its origins in some market research studies made a few years ago, the results of which indicated that half the movie-going audience was under thirty years of age. (The studies keep lowering this 50 per cent-crossover point.) Of course, it does no good to conjecture that half the American movie audience was *always* under some rather young age; like a junkie with a fresh fix, the latest survey has that all-important "now" look. At about the same time as the market surveys, along came some rather undecipherable films—at least by Establishment standards—which drew millions to the box offices, while once-predictable film projects floundered in red ink.

The result was that movie moguls, who often reach sound conclusions from false premises, decided that the younger and more loyal half of the movie audience had better be served. But, by whom? That was an easy question to answer: The young must serve the young. From Bel Air to Westchester, as movie executives donned their beads and Nehru jackets (about six months out of synchronization, as usual), the cry went up for those who could "tell it like it is," preferably in a super-groovy, switched-on manner. Admitting to an age of thirty or more became indiscreet. The panic was on. The panic is still on, but, thankfully, on far more reasonable grounds—because a sizable load of "swinging" movies laid giant eggs; because it dawned on movie executives that many of those millions of young people who beat down theater doors to see *Bonnie and Clyde* must have trooped into *Valley of the Dolls* in the following week; because human nature doesn't change too much over the centuries.

True, the search for young ideas in young people goes on, so it is still fashionable to be young. That's the first ace in the hand. Next, the opportunities for young film-makers have never been

deSICA

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greater, not just in theatrical motion pictures, but also in the burgeoning industrial, educational, and commercial film fields. We are, indeed, in a film explosion. (Arthur Knight, for example, envisions regional film-makers in the near future, utilizing this medium in the same way as authors, poets, and musicians of generations past celebrated their native habitats.)

Within the realm of Hollywood-made movies, opportunities exist for younger film-makers as directors, writers, and producers. Perhaps the major factor operating here is the peaking of the *auteur* theory as (mis)applied to directors. Film is a director's medium, to be sure—as long as the praise is held within reasonable bounds. The director doesn't do his thing all by himself. He never did. The rising popularity of foreign movies, in which directors exert more of a personal influence, at times, than in Hollywood films, gave *auteurism* a mighty shot in the arm. (Of course, it matters little to observe that the foreign *auteurs* often credit as many writers as does Bob Hope; the true believer is beyond reason and logic.) Like Reformation theology, however, *auteurism* began to trap its votaries in too many embarrassing corners. At long last, a healthy anti-*auteurism* is starting to be heard throughout the land.

What this means to the young film-maker is obvious. Writers with an ear for the dialogue of the contemporary life problem and an eye for the contemporary setting are in demand. The much-maligned producer function (admittedly exercised over the years by persons ranging from the true creator to the indigent brother-in-law) also is undergoing a new look. The film-maker who can mate a promising, vigorous film concept and story with an appropriate director is performing a basic producer function.

According to a recent address by Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, a total of fifty-seven directors, thirty-nine writers, and thirty-five producers have made feature film debuts over the past two years. This alone is impressive documentation of the willingness of movie executives to let younger film-makers start at the top. Also, the practicality of starting in a key position can be measured by the existing collective bargaining agreements between talent unions and guilds and movie producers. Some Hollywood unions and guilds are practically wide open, as compared with others.

If a young film-maker can talk someone into letting him direct a feature, he can become a member of the Directors Guild of America quite easily. Similar open-door policies prevail in the rules of the Writers Guild of America and the newly restructured Producers Guild of America. (And, for completeness, it

(*Continued on page 61*)

6. Support for New Talent

By RICHARD L. COE

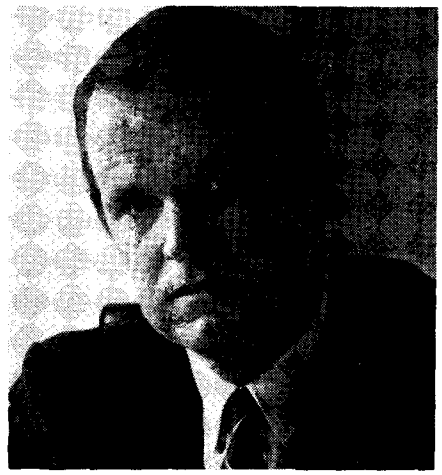
IT was only about two months ago that a film reviewer for *The New York Times* dismissed the aims and programs of the American Film Institute with, "I have seen only its stationery and the salaries of some of its personnel." That same day, however, one of New York's fanciest little art houses was playing, with its feature *Charly*, a new short called *A Question to Mr. Humphrey*. It was made by a twenty-nine-year-old student named Edwin Lynch under a grant from the new Film Institute, set up in Washington, D.C., eighteen months ago.

True enough, in the brief time the Institute has had to get off the ground, not much of a dramatic nature has happened. Hollywood continues to pour out commercial films; young people still seek ways to break into an industry encrusted with traditional methods. But the Institute has, without question, begun to offer the film-oriented generation an alternate channel of cinematic expression.

The Institute was not formed solely as a supplier and backer of films made by people unable to get jobs with MGM or Universal. It has an educational function, an encouragement function, and an archival function—all important to the appreciation and advancement of the one art medium indigenous to the twentieth century. But it also sponsors film-making, and it is this area that has stimulated the greatest interest and an avalanche of correspondence.

The letters, usually embodying film-making projects, come largely from young people, most of whom already seem to have studied how to make up a film budget, with breakdown estimates for lab costs, first-answer prints, scoring, and such. Others are hazier about these mundane considerations. But if their ideas appear to have creative validity they are taken seriously by the staff. Grants of hard, if not handsome, cash sometimes result. At this writing, the Film Institute (a non-governmental and non-profit organization) has thirty-two films in progress. Most of their makers are under thirty, and most are products of the more than 1,000 cinema courses taught in hundreds of American colleges and universities. Their forms and styles cover a broad cinematic spectrum; their subjects range from sombre underground to enthusiastic New Left.

The film by the above-mentioned Mr. Lynch appears to fall into the *cinéma*



—George de Vincent.

George Stevens, Jr., director of the American Film Institute—"[which] offers the film-oriented generation a new channel of cinematic expression."

verité category. Using a black-and-white double screen, he asks people why they like New York. While they answer, Lynch visually illustrates their responses, sometimes proving the opposite of what they are saying. To make the film, Lynch was granted $2,500, hardly a lush budget. Other grants in the categories, "Student Filmmakers" and "Independent Filmmakers," have ranged from $800 to $15,000, depending on the length and ambition of the project. Students usually get the smaller grants, while the independents, with some film-making already under their belts, are entrusted with the larger sums.

Until now, film-making in the United States has been almost entirely confined to two places, Hollywood and New York. But in Washington, at the Institute's headquarters, the wall maps in every room seem to attest to the national scope of independent film-making activity. Although the tendency of the budding film-makers is to converge on one of the coastal centers, they and their cameras are highly migratory. "San Francisco," according to George Stevens, Jr., director of the Institute, "has become a hotbed of film-makers."

A young man's film fancy these days is likely to take him almost anywhere—if he has some financial support. Young Ronald Raley, winner of the 1966 National Student Film Festival award, received $10,000 from AFI to make *Liberation*, which depicts a young couple encountering an old friend of Hemingway's in a small Southern town. Steve Wax, twenty-five, has $12,000 to spend on *Rubber Uncle*, a film about

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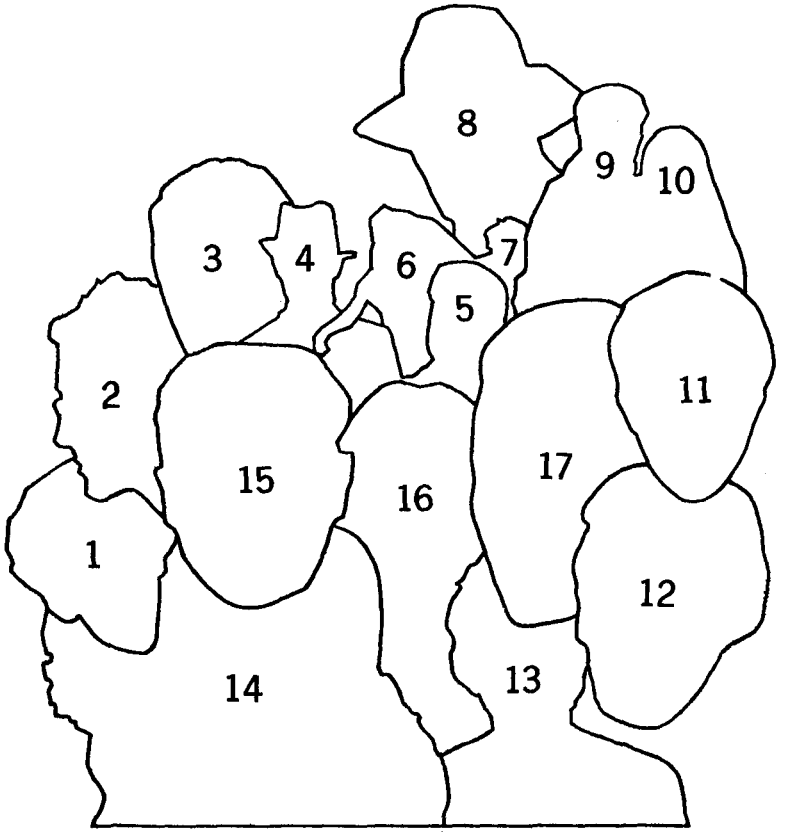
people in a desert traffic jam caused by a flat tire. There's a "space western" soon to be shot in New York City, with Michael J. Pollard volunteering his much-in-demand services. The Olympic swimming trials at Los Alamos have already been covered by an Institute-backed camera, and life in a Texas prison is about to be examined with *verité*.

How good these films are or will be remains to be seen, but the professional film community evidently has some faith in the ability of Stevens and his staff to select talent from among the clamoring applicants. Several major directors have agreed to participate in one of the Institute's pet projects, the Intern Program, giving would-be film-makers the chance to work with professionals such as Arthur Penn and Elia Kazan. Thus, Frank De Cola is with Elia Kazan while he produces and directs *The Arrangement*. Matthew Robbins (a student film finalist) is with Irvin Kershner, who is directing *Brooks*. Basil Poledouris, at twenty-two, has won the opportunity to be with Lawrence Turman when he produces his next picture. (Turman was the one who took *The Graduate* from studio to studio, assuring everyone that Mike Nichols could make it work.)

The life history of Jeff Young is fairly typical of these interns. A Phi Beta Kappa graduate of George Washington University, Young attended Harvard Law School. Then the film-making bug got him, and he entered NYU's Institute of Film and Television. "I got my Phi Beta Kappa for my mother," he said, "my law degree for my father, and I'm in films for myself." After working on a couple of small film projects, Young was chosen by director Arthur Penn (of *Bonnie and Clyde* acclaim) from AFI's intern applicants to observe the production of Penn's new film, *Alice's Restaurant*.

The film industry has shown a willingness to assist the Institute with funds. This year, no less than thirteen film companies agreed to provide the financing—at budgets up to $400,000 each—for feature films sponsored by AFI. Once each project is approved and financed, all further responsibility will be in the hands of the Institute and its film-maker. Distribution (often the stumbling block to the making of a film) is guaranteed, and any profits will go into an AFI film-makers fund. It is hoped that some of the student film-makers will eventually "graduate" into this most challenging of all areas. Nonetheless, AFI is not about to go Hollywood, as some critics have charged. The accent at AFI, Stevens said, is on the maturing of thousands of young people who have seen film as an art to be studied and of the millions who see it as an art to be valued. As in all art, the disciplines of study and exploration take time.



Faces on the Cover: 1) Genevieve Waite; 2) Jean-Luc Godard; 3) Steve McQueen; 4) Warren Beatty; 5) Faye Dunaway; 6) Katharine Ross; 7) Dustin Hoffman; 8) Calvin Lockhart; 9) Leonard Whiting; 10) Olivia Hussey; 11) Dustin Hoffman; 12) Stanley Kubrick; 13) Christopher Jones; 14) Willy Kurant; 15) Rod Steiger; 16) Joanna Shimkus; 17) Mia Farrow.

Photo: Albert Finney and Diana Dilanto in "Tom Jones" (MGR picture, 1963)

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Meditations on Methuselah

THE most arresting news photo of 1968 stirred scarcely a ripple of comment when it appeared in the papers a few months ago.

The photo shows a 101-year-old man, Larry Lewis of San Francisco, breasting the tape in full sprinting stride as he finishes the hundred-yard dash in the time of 17.8 seconds. Since a ten-second hundred will win the dash at many college track meets, Mr. Lewis's time is, all things considered, remarkable.

But this is not all: It develops that every morning the redoubtable Mr. Lewis jogs and runs seven miles through a local park—before reporting to the San Francisco hotel where he works all day as a waiter.

As if this were not mind-boggling enough, we further learn from a report issued last year by a Midwest insurance company that in the United States alone there are more than 13,000 centenarians. According to the report, these oldsters are by no means all doddering, tottery, and hard put to remember what year it is. Many of them—the report doesn't say what percentage—are perfectly *compos mentis*, and full of bounce and sass. One lady of 101 "writes a column for four newspapers. She startled President Johnson during a visit to the White House in 1965 when she suddenly bent over and placed the palms of her hands on the floor without bending her knees. She can still do it."

The report also mentions "a 100-year-old judge who presides in court; two insurance men who administer their firms; and nine other active businessmen-centenarians."

Perhaps it is our absorption with the war, urban unrest, and other prior problems that makes a Larry Lewis a celebrity only at the restaurant where he works, rather than something of an American folk hero. Or it could be that our relative neglect of him and other spry centenarians springs from the faint unease we seem to feel nowadays about people who can't be catalogued and explained away.

Yet there are luminous possibilities here. What if some group undertook to interview these older people seriously, respectfully, and in depth, soliciting their views of life past and present? One might think, offhand, that these views would be outworn, retrogressive, and condemnatory of things modern. But would they be? The interviewers would be talking, after all, to people whose reach of green memory spans five generations: people with outlooks so ancient *as perhaps to be fresh and relevant* when applied to contemporary situations.

Thoreau, for instance, died little more than a century ago. By the mid-Twenties his outlook was familiar in this country mainly to scholars, and to an occasional college kid who read snippets in anthologies and struck Thoreauvian poses till it came time to graduate and "grow up."

Yet by the late Fifties the movements led by Mahatma Gandhi and Martin Luther King had encouraged hundreds of thousands of people to read Thoreau, to hail him as supremely contemporary, and to wish the old "inspector of snowstorms" were alive so they could exchange ideas with him.

Fortunately, Thoreau had the writing knack, so we know his views. Yet there are men and women alive today who don't have that knack, but who date from Thoreau's era—one man cited in the report was 126 and still getting about. Such people might well have worthwhile things to say about the social and personal turmoil of our day.

Has anyone bothered to ask them? Whoever interviewed them would, of course, have to put up with lots of dull recollecting and opining, and that-puts-me-in-mind-of. But some first-rate ideas might emerge. A great deal of what was said might well, in fact, become intensely relevant only in terms of events occurring years from now—much as film negatives taken with laser beam lighting have imbedded in them image detail that becomes visible only years later, when these negatives are re-examined with the aid of new optical devices.

Consider, in this connection, the remarkable life story of the Cuban ex-slave Esteban Montejo, as told in the recently published book *The Autobiography of a Runaway Slave*. Mr. Montejo was 105 and living in retirement in a converted Cuban army barracks, when, in 1965, the poet-scholar Miguel Barnet looked him up and got him to tell his story into a tape recorder. The *Autobiography* is a striking narrative, saturated with values that are by turns ancient and atavistic, and modern to the point of being futuristic.

WHEN Mr. Montejo was a slave boy in his early teens, living in the foul plantation huts called barracoons, he ran away one day. For a decade thereafter, he lived by his wits, in total solitude, in the Cuban forests. The frame of mind in which he faced this ten-year ordeal is what we might today recognize as a mixture of classical Stoicism, old-time Yankee self-reliance, and modern existentialist "cool."

Montejo's absorbing narrative has, like Homer's, its drowsy intervals. But it may be that scholars of the future, reading it with eyes different from ours, will find endless excitement and meaning even in those few passages that strike us as humdrum.

In any case, if Mr. Montejo is still alive, it would be rewarding—or at the very least, memorable—to be a fly on the wall when a group of representative Americans asked him his frank opinions on what is wrong with the world, and how he thinks we should go about setting it right. The conferees might also invite Larry Lewis to sit in on the talks—if anyone can catch up with him long enough to ask him.

—Hallowell Bowser.

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Letters to the Editor

Strikes and Public Employees

A. H. Raskin's article, "The Revolt of the Civil Servants" [*SR*, Dec. 7], deals only with striking civil servants. I don't think the problem can be solved apart from the whole question of the use of the strike as a weapon by organized groups.

The answer lies, I believe, in putting the strike weapon in the museum with the spear and battle-ax. Thoughful people have been saying for years that all labor disputes should be settled in some sort of labor courts. The argument these days is no longer about starvation wages or intolerable working conditions. It's about *more* money and *more* benefits, etc. Surely there is no need to trample on the public in order to adjudicate such issues.

It seems clear that civil servants are entitled to better treatment vis-à-vis organized workers in the private sector. But instead of permitting government employees to enforce their demands by strike leverage, all strikes should be transmuted into civil suits before an appropriate forum. Pandora's box should be closed, not opened wider.

Gabriel Litt,
Port St. Lucie, Fla.

Taylor Laws may be sufficient for ensuring adequate settlement of wages and hours. But until such time as municipal and state governments develop realistic social consciences, groups like social workers need the right to strike, not for their own rights, but for the rights of those they are trying to serve.

Social workers strike to win more humane treatment and more decent grants for their clients because they know that nowhere today is public assistance anywhere near sufficient for families to provide for their children or for the aged and disabled. After working in the system and seeing how little a "generous" state like California gives its recipients, I couldn't give a damn how much taxpayers scream. Both taxes and the rolls should increase; I won't be satisfied until every single eligible individual and family in the country is on the rolls, and at a higher, federally established level.

Theodore Kornweibel, Jr.,
New Haven, Conn.

Paying the Education Bill

Kenneth Boulding writes lucidly about social issues and the economy. Yet, in his article, "The Many Failures of Success" [*SR*, Nov. 23], he sounds frighteningly like midget-minded state governors who appear to equate education with welfare.

Charging students for the full cost of their education immediately creates the problem of where to start the charge. Educational researchers believe that by not beginning the school process at the age of, say, three to four years, we are missing what are most probably the critical years. And the Educational Policies Commission not long ago recommended two years of higher education for every citizen, if my memory is correct.

If we restrict the charge to higher education, assuming anyone schooled in engineering, law, or the like will get back his investment with huge profit, what does this do for disciplines that presently appear to be of little value as investments, but which later on may well turn out to be supremely important?

What economic future is there today for students of Arabic or African tribal languages, and how badly will those scholars be needed tomorrow? Do we really propose to charge a doctor for the full cost of his training?

The state ought to pay more respect to the college student. It needs him much more than he needs a piece of paper attesting that he did what the state asked of him with respect to his education.

Francis Hamilton,
San Francisco, Calif.

Safe for Anything?

In his article, "1918-1968: Is the World Safer for Anything?" [*SR*, Nov. 9], Henry Steele Commager leads the reader to the brink of significance but never takes the plunge.

Dr. Commager argues very cogently that widespread social unrest throughout the world is in reality a single phenomenon: a revolution by the underdeveloped peoples of the world.

Thereafter, in a mini-conclusion which consists of two thimbles of guilt and one thimble of nostalgia, he blames America for her part in creating the mess and calls on her to return to her "true character." I am embittered by this weak conclusion. Any Fourth of July orator could do as well.

Robert B. Cantrick,
State University College
of Buffalo,
Buffalo, N.Y.

If Dr. Commager's apocalyptic picture of 1918-1968 doesn't frighten us, it's because we no longer believe in Hell. However, we seem to believe in the Devil (the other guy) and a God who will somehow save us from the Hell which isn't there.

Our hang-up is that we aren't willing to admit that we are our own savior or destroyer. Instead we travel on faith (rather than on LSD) to reach a comfortable unreality.

Mrs. Frank Drino,
Index, Wash.

To which traditions are we being summoned to return? Mistreatment of the Negro is an American tradition.

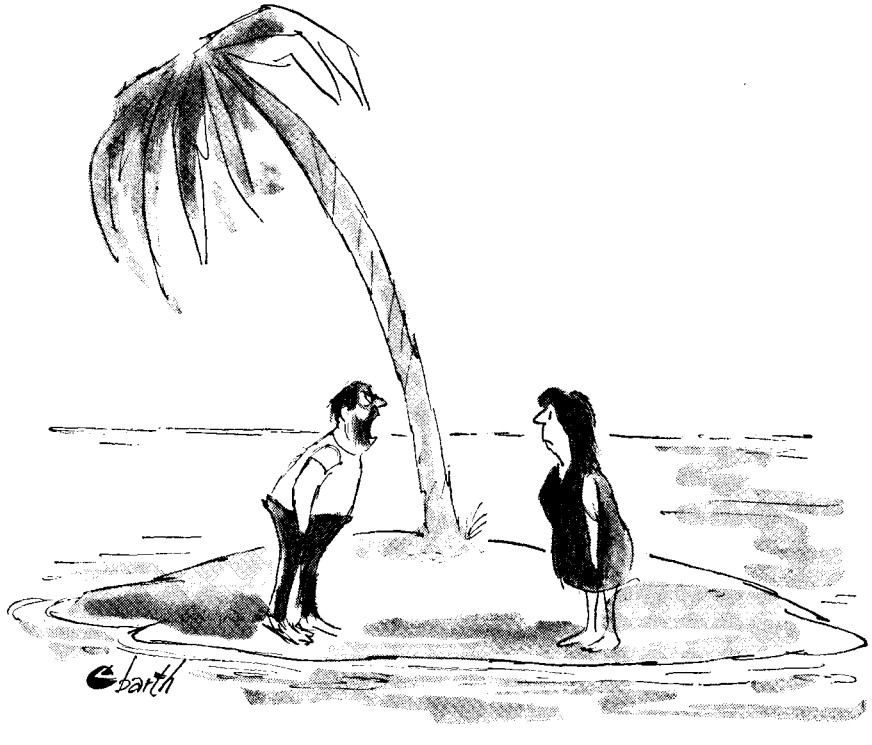
Jean Blankenship,
Chicago, Ill.

Hirsute Excesses

N. C.'s editorial, "The Issue Beyond the Beards" [*SR*, Nov. 9], misses the point. The hirsute excesses of today are for the purpose of expressing contempt. The adornments of the founding fathers showed conformance, which they had high regard for in styles, speech, and outward forms of courtesy. Government was another matter entirely.

Then, words like "elegant, taste, fashion" were not taboo. Men like these may have fought duels, but did not shout obscenities.

J. Carleton Esty,
Lavallette, N.J.



"What did you do with the five clams I gave you yesterday?"

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Resident Report

PROVIDENCE.

THE Trinity Square Repertory Company premiere production of Robert Penn Warren's verse drama, *Brother to Dragons*, may be one of the resident theater movement's finest achievements. Director Adrian Hall has staged the 1953 play in a total theater style on the warped saucer of rough wooden planks that constitutes the stage in this company's small remodeled church.

The scenic elements designed by Eugene Lee are striking and ingenious. Over the stage hangs a silk banner, on which is a drawing of a mutilated Negro suspended from a meathook. The banner is raised and behind it sit, family-portrait style, Thomas Jefferson's sister, her husband, Charles Lewis, and their two sons, Lilburn and Isham, while in darker areas of the stage their black slaves move furtively. To conjure up the series of earthquakes which shook Kentucky in 1811 and poetically portended the horrifying murder committed by Jefferson's nephews, three huge, naked, brightly glowing lightbulbs swing crazily back and forth above the heads of the scurrying townspeople. But after the earthquake these same lights, dimmed down to candle brightness, serve as the chandeliers for a gentle minuet. Thus we see, most theatrically, that civilized grace and savage violence are inseparable parts of the same world. Indeed, it is this awareness that bothers Jefferson, whose idealistic dream for a democratic America seems threatened by the violence that accompanies its realization.

The murder itself is staged poetically by having its perpetrator hack at a piece of raw beef on a meat block in the center of the stage, while the screaming victim is suspended upside down at one side.

The proceedings are moodily lighted by Roger Morgan and handsomely but not ornately costumed by John Lehmeyer. The play itself is mood-oriented, too, with compelling insights spoken here and there among a great deal more that seems purely descriptive. Because it presents Lilburn as an individual psychopath whose motivation for his crime was an excessive love for his dead mother, the act becomes hard to relate to racial strife, or to the agony of creating a new and better civilization.

Richard Kneeland, as the troubled Jefferson, Ed Hall as the victim, Barbara Meek as a courageous slave, William Cain as the demonic Lilburn, Elizabeth Eis as his half-angel, half-slut of a wife, and Marguerite Lenert as his unhappy mother are the most memorable in an ensemble effort so totally executed that it subordinates individual portrayals.

CINCINNATI.

TWO YEARS ago Cincinatti's Playhouse in the Park presented the American premiere of *Eh?* by a then relatively unknown British playwright named Henry Livings. As staged there by Melvin Bernhardt, with Sam Waterston and Charles Cioffi in the leading roles, it baffled some, but impressed others as being superior to the subsequent highly popular New York production that brought Dustin Hoffman a Drama Desk-Vernon Rice Award for his performance, and led to that talented young actor's being cast in *The Graduate*.

It was therefore appropriate that Livings offer the honor of unveiling his newest play to Playhouse in the Park and to director Bernhardt. Waggishly titled *Honor and Offer* (*Or inefficiency, lack of organisation and self-indulgence alone cannot overcome the sexual, financial and political power of capital*), the new farce deals with the interlocked lives of Alfred Thring, a traveling salesman of slightly imperfect women's dresses, Thring's earthy but dumb wife, Doris, who is proud of Alfred's way with women, and their boarder, Henry Cash, a frustrated pillar of capitalism who desires Doris and envies Alfred for his sexual casualness.

Cash has the Thrings in his power, because he holds the mortgage on their house and insists that Alfred pay him interest at the rate of 12 per cent per annum which comes to more than the small weekly rental the Thrings charge him. Cash also keeps two hives of bees, one tame and one savage. He points out at the beginning of the play: "Even the most savage bees murmur peaceably if they're not disturbed. The same can seldom be said of people." Thus we immediately suspect that we are about to enjoy a disturbance of Cash and the narrow-minded capitalistic Establishment he represents.

The play's merry action, however, is completely uninhibited by sociological considerations. We are lowly entertained by the secretly lustful Henry as he suffers Alfred's "immoral" attitude toward monogamy, and by the music of creaking bedsprings Alfred and Doris are making in the next room. Then, in a moment of passion, Henry woos Doris by giving her a gift of a £1,000 check, which, of course, he will tell the bank to stop before she can cash it. The irony of the matter, however, is that Alfred and Doris don't cash the check but use it as collateral for a daily-double bet, and are thus able to make many times the amount of the check and disdainfully return it uncashed to the staggered Henry, who is furious that they have both freed themselves from his power and played fast and loose with the capitalistic system that is his religion. It is a lively idea, but it might benefit if Livings were to trim down what is now a short two-act play to a long one-act play.

At the playwright's suggestion, the performers make no attempt at a British North Country accent, even though the dialogue is written with some of these rhythms and colloquialisms. Estelle Parsons is all goodhearted libido as Doris. Dick Latessa as Alfred and Ronald Bishop as Henry give appropriate performances, even if they do not quite achieve the full music hall hilarity of the playwright's saucy patter.

WALTHAM, MASS.

THE DIFFICULTY of performing Livings's unique style of writing is demonstrated in the Brandeis University Theater Arts Department revival of *Eh?*. Director Howard Bay set out with the interesting notion of assigning the leading role to actor David Silver, who happens to be from Livings's birthplace, and whose way of speaking is remarkably close to that of the author. This coincidence pushes the whole production in the direction of naturalism, which makes the play more significant, but somewhat diminishes its merriment.

BOSTON.

THE Theatre Company of Boston's version of Eugene O'Neill's *More Stately Mansions* is a considerable improvement on the one seen in New York last season. In it, director David Wheeler has concentrated quite rightly on the corruption of a young idealist's mind set in motion through the pride and possessiveness of his mother and his wife. Although the actors occasionally fall into the trap of being too sincerely congenial, Penelope Allen as the Irish-American wife, Larry Bryggman as her Yankee husband, and Jane Hoffman as his strong-willed, aristocratic mother play together well in an intelligently conceived effort to realize O'Neill's most challenging work. They succeed well enough to demonstrate that *More Stately Mansions* deserves to be worked on further by a company that can devote several months to trial-and-error experimentation with it.

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TOM DRIVER

Is Melpomene Dead?

A maverick Princeton philosopher attacks the pronouncements on tragedy made by his predecessors, beginning with Plato.

ANYONE who teaches a course or gives a lecture on tragedy is likely to draw a large audience, even in an age which has been told that tragedy, like God, is dead. The subject resembles a mountain. It challenges the climber by its perilous slopes, its heights that make one swoon, and its promise of mysterious vistas. Few people can resist the spectacle of a man trying to come to terms with such a challenge, even though—or perhaps because—they know he will probably fail.

Comedy is even harder to interpret, for which reason those who essay it are few. Even so, we watch them with less fascination and suspense, for we know that if they do succeed it will be by virtue of a certain unaccountable grace, not, as with those who interpret tragedy, by the exercise of such virtues as courage, patience, and intellectual power.

There is another reason why the commentator on tragedy commands our attention. We are haunted by the notion that even if "great" tragedies are to be written no more, yet our own lives are shot through with tragic qualities we would be the wiser for comprehending. There are few words to which people cling more possessively, insisting on their right to use them in a vague but personal sense, than "tragedy" and "tragic." A debate over whether the assassination of President Kennedy in Dallas was or was not a "tragedy" often breeds fear and anger, not only because such talk revives memories of that terrifying day but also because the intertwined meaningfulness of individual and national existence is felt to be at issue.

In a different way the same anxieties can be raised by denying the name of tragedy to any human catastrophe. This is felt as an attempt to belittle its significance and therefore as a mark of inhumanity, just as calling the suffering and death of animals "tragic" is regarded as sentimental.

Tragedy is widely considered, therefore, to be somehow coextensive with and constitutive of humanity, and the mystery of it is taken to be almost synonymous with the mystery of being human. We expect him who would speak to us of tragedy to talk, certainly, of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Shakespeare; of literature and the theater; of images, plots, and myths; of philosophy and maybe theology—but through and beyond all this to tell us of our own existence and why its agony is worth enduring.

It was not always so, and it may not remain so forever. Before the sixteenth century, as Walter Kaufmann points out in *Tragedy and Philosophy* (Doubleday, 388 pp., $6.95), the term "tragedy" was not used in reference to events in "real life." It denoted then only a certain type of story, usually one told by a playwright. The notion that tragedy is the universal lot, or even a "right," of mankind is a legacy of the Renaissance,

TOM DRIVER, who teaches practical theology and literature at Union Theological Seminary, wrote *The Sense of History in Greek and Shakespearean Drama.*

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

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furbished and intensified by Romanticism and the spread of something called "the tragic sense of life."

In literature and drama, meanwhile, tragedy (and attitudes consonant with it) have surely been passing away. I mean not only that Shakespeare, Corneille, and Racine are no more, but that the aspirations of dramatists to write tragedies have waned. After Chekhov, if not before, and certainly after Expressionism, "serious" drama tended toward tragicomedy and away from tragedy, even though Professor Kaufmann would have it that these are virtually the same. Since the Second World War the tendency has been to steer away from tragicomedy as well, if for no other reason than that Samuel Beckett in *Waiting for Godot* produced what many consider the ultimate distillation of this genre, at least for the foreseeable future. Although we have no name for the innovative types of plays our most vigorous contemporaries are writing (which some lump together as "theater of the absurd" and others call simply "new theater"), its spirit is strongly antitragic. It veers instead toward impudence (which I do not disdain), recklessness (which I do), and, most important, a frequent belittling of deep feeling. If this trend continues and carries public taste with it, "tragedy" will tend to lose its positive bias; it may then revert to its former status as a semitechnical term.

Walter Kaufmann, maverick philosopher of Princeton, deserves credit for attempting to clear away a number of confusions that have grown up through centuries of writing about tragedy. Beginning with Plato, he takes philosophers to task for having made pronouncements about tragedy while paying scant attention to the repertoire of tragic plays. To remedy this, Kaufmann proposes that the tragedies themselves, instead of any philosophical or ideational assumptions, should be the starting point, even for philosophers.

His position is made clear in two of ten "rules" and "conclusions" offered in Chapter III, "Toward a New Poetics," to define the author's method: "One should not discuss tragedy without discussing any tragedy." "Tragedy is primarily a form of literature developed in Athens in the fifth century B.C., and all other uses of the words 'tragedy' and 'tragic' derive from this. (The notion that events of some sort are tragic and that literary works deserve the name of 'tragedy' only by derivation is the opposite of the truth . . .)."

The part of me that is a critic of drama readily concurs with these two maxims, and the part that is a theologian sees no reason to object; so I am in hearty agreement with the initial position Professor Kaufmann adopts. Those who know his earlier writings will not expect, however, that the theologian will stick with him down the line, and they are right. Luckily, the book's theological comments are not its main theme, so all I need do about them is say that they are as extraneous as they are prejudiced and jejune.

LONG ago I came to the conclusion that literary critics are better philosophers than philosophers are literary critics. Professor Kaufmann makes it amply clear that he considers most philosophers to have been lousy, even lazy, critics of tragic literature, but he also has little use for such literary and dramatic interpreters of tragedy as he bothers to mention. In fact, he treats the latter so scantily that he ignores the most probing modern commentaries available—for instance, those of Francis Fergusson, Eric Bentley, Northrop Frye, and Richard Sewall—while the critics he does take seriously, such as H. D. F. Kitto, are brought in only to be attacked, and on minor rather than major grounds.

Consequently, Professor Kaufmann is pretty much on his own as a dramatic critic. Rightly putting tragedies ahead of all theories about them, he stumbles for lack of expertise in reading and interpreting them. Perhaps this is why he adopted a rather superficial criterion for what is tragic in tragedies, as when he says: "The most distinctive and universal feature of Greek tragedy was that immense and overwhelming suffering was presented to the audience." The context makes it clear that the same is to be said of all other tragedy, allowing for variations in degree of suffering: "It . . . seems reasonable to call any play that powerfully stirs the emotions we have described a tragedy."

The emotions in question are those called by Aristotle *eleos* and *phobos*, usually translated as pity and fear, but which Professor Kaufmann, for good reasons, calls "ruth" and "terror."

The trouble with this definition is that it is virtually the lowest common denominator. It leaves out of account other qualities of the greatest tragedies, by means of which *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Oedipus Tyrannus* have gripped the human imagination more strongly than, for instance, *The Trojan Women*. And it allows, as Professor Kaufmann concedes, that what we call pathos and melodrama have as much right to be called tragedy as do the most sublime works of Aeschylus and Sophocles.

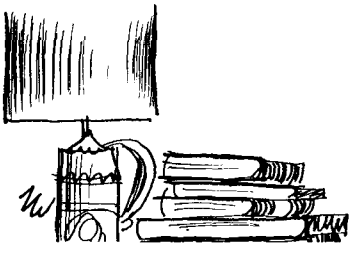
I would have no objection to a fresh look at our usual distinction between tragedy and melodrama if the author could show me that it would pay off in discernment of what is really going on in lots of plays, especially contemporary ones. But here is where Professor Kaufmann's performance as a critic, nowhere very impressive, comes to lamentable grief. Toward the end of his book he offers us two recent examples of tragedy that fit his criterion, and they turn out to be *The Deputy* and *Soldiers*, by Rolf Hochhuth. This is as if an author had decided to ridicule his own thesis by *reductio ad absurdum*. To be sure, Kaufmann finds that both works are flawed; but he does not seem to recognize that their "flaws" (*e.g.*, Hochhuth's caricature of Pius XII in *The Deputy*) are their only memorable virtues. It is surely also a critical blunder to attack Brecht for not writing tragedy when Brecht's avowed purpose was to write something else. Kaufmann's curious position is that, although we know Brecht eschewed tragedy, he fell into it anyway and is at fault for not having fallen further.

Apparently unable to analyze the poetry of the great tragedians, Kaufmann informs us that it was "profound" and "moving"; how, he does not say. Impatient with all analyses of dramatic structure, he gives none himself. He does offer a number of original comments about characters, but on the plays as wholes he is mute, and his remarks are mostly on themes within them. He drives the symbolism of Oedipus's blindness so hard that it turns into allegory, and he is so contemptuous of all comments on that play's design, beginning with Aristotle's, that he does not even bother to describe or make any point of the distinction between theme (as such) and plot.

The key to all this is found in Kaufmann's reading of Aristotle's *Poetics*. It shows, he informs us, a "perverse concentration on [tragedy's] merely formal aspects, such as plot and diction." So much for them. The chapter on the *Poetics*, which includes a long section on Aristotle's famous definition of tragedy as "an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude . . .," has nothing whatever to say about the most important and problematic word therein, namely, "action."

I have not space to discuss Kaufmann's treatment of the philosophers on tragedy. Needless to say, they have all, by Kaufmann's light, gone astray. They have had less to say to us than the tragedians. But the tragedians, if we listen to Kaufmann, haven't said much either, though he admires them no end. Their value lies in the emotional effect they have produced. This brings me back to the question of "deep feeling."

I think it might be legitimate to take



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emotions, rather than, say, such a formula as Hegel's "conflict of values," as the point of entry into discussion of tragedy. But if so, we must surely find that the name of tragedy is earned not merely by the kinds of emotion evoked (pity and fear) but also, and more importantly, by their depth and particular qualities. Furthermore, this depth and these qualities can be accounted for only by probing the ideas at work in the play, the images used, the poetic techniques employed, and the interplay of story, plot, diction, character, and what Aristotle called "spectacle." All these are various facets of the imitation of action, which Fergusson has aptly called "the aim or focus of psychic life" in the play.

To interpret a dramatic action is not easy, because it is the hidden heart of the drama, all other elements being only partial analogues of it. The task requires a blend of literary analytic skills and philosophical acumen. But surely this is what must be expected of one who claims that the philosophers have not done justice to the tragic poets, and who would turn to the latter for philosophical inspiration.

Tragedy and Philosophy contains very little wrestling with such philosophical concerns as logic, beauty, finitude, death, process, ethical dilemma, the validity of analogical statement, or reason *vs.* passion—any of which might be thought pertinent in a philosopher's treatment of tragedy. Kaufmann realizes this and says "it depends on what your conception of philosophy is." My conception includes the notion that it is rigorous, fascinated by major problems difficult of solution, and willing to follow up the ontological implications of the statement Kaufmann makes—only to leave it unexamined—that tragedies function "on different levels of reality." Philosophy to me has intellectual as well as emotional courage.

This is for the most part an interesting book, as determinedly wrong-headed books often are. It has, moreover, a few excellent passages. The discussion of pity and fear, changing these terms to ruth (does this archaic word suggest that the emotion it names is also archaic?) and terror, is cogent and helpful. So is the treatment of *hubris* and pride, which lays many a false and overly Christian interpretation to rest. It was wise, I think, to stress in a full chapter the importance of the *Iliad* as a precursor of tragedy. Having done so, it would have been wiser still to try to explain why tragedy matured in dramatic rather than epic forms. This was the question Nietzsche and, later, the Cambridge anthropologists sought to answer. Their solution is out of fashion now, and Kaufmann barely mentions it; but the question remains.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Black Esthetic

RE: PETER BEREK'S REVIEW OF *Black Fire* (*SR*, Nov. 30). Berek's decidedly narrow, static feeling for poetry and blackness is incomprehensible. Certainly the tenor of the review facilitates the "anti" feeling prevalent in all people. Don L. Lee's essay "Black Poetry: Which Direction" (*Negro Digest*, Sept./Oct. 68) is anticipatory of Berek-type critics: "We as blk/poets, write out of a concept of self, a black thing, knowledgeable at all times that mistakes will be made, that there will be disappointments and disagreements, but realizing that these are the actions of black men and black artists. *We* will determine standards of judgment and excellence and *no* white boys in the pages of . . . *Saturday Review* . . . will direct or affect our efforts. Black people will direct us; direction will be a reciprocal process, shared between black people & black artists."

Peter Berek emphasizes "to create his own (Afro-American) esthetic . . .", but as brother Larry Neal relates it: "there is no need to establish a black esthetic. Rather it is important to understand that one exists." Don L. Lee quotes brother Arthur Rimbaud in that black poets realize that poetry will no longer accompany action but will lead it.

As I feel it, the most forceful blk/artists are those experimenting with the vernacular, broken rhythms and folk idioms. The precise, controlled poetry desired by Berek suffers in comparison with the almost violently alive, highly charged "ghetto" cadence of blk/poems. As sister Carolyn M. Rodgers puts it: "Black people are explosions of love, hate, fear, joy, sorrow; their literature should be that way." The wit, the obstreperous typography and syntax, the improbable catalogues, the juxtaposition of terms that were thought to be unrelated, are of the blk/poets. They are breaking down the language itself, creating a medium to convey precisely the black experience. Within this frame of reference blk/poems brush against those of e. e. cummings or Hart Crane. It's because that search for true words and newer worlds creates a mutualism of expression; parallel but wantingly incoherent to the other.

Incidently, the phrase "third world" is not a political term; rather it is a state of Black Awareness. As Rimbaud says: "Blackness transcends all artificial borders—blackness will speak of and to the Third World." Also a Third World Press publishes the works of black artists.

SP4 ARTHUR W. SOLIS,
USAARMC Den. Det.
Ft. Knox, Ky.

Jazz

IN REVIEWING *The Random House Dictionary of the English Language—College Edition* in the Reference Book Roundup (*SR*, Nov. 16), David Glixon refers to an apparent discrepancy between the treatment of the entry *jazz*, where the origin of the word is said to be unknown, and a statement in the preface giving the origin. I assume that this latter passage is the brief comment, p. xxi, in the article by Professor McDavid. Professor McDavid is not discussing the etymology of the word, but rather its sense development. Strictly speaking, the etymology is a different matter. Some etymologists speculate that *jazz* comes from a Creole patois word; others, that it is of West African origin. For its part, the RHDC accurately reflects the fact that next to nothing is really known about the origin.

THOMAS HILL LONG,
Senior Editor, *RHDC*.
New York, N.Y.

NO DOUBT THE RHDC EDITORS had valid reasons for omitting from its etymology any such interesting educated guess as that indulged in by the editors of *Webster's New World Dictionary—College Edition*:

"Creole patois *jass*, sexual term applied to the Congo dances (New Orleans); present use from Chicago, c. 1914, but ? from earlier similar use in the vice district of New Orleans."

DAVID M. GLIXON.
Ardsley, N.Y.

What They Read in 1908

IN *SR*'S CHECK LIST OF CURRENT BOOKS Nov. 30 I noticed a reissue of a book that I have not heard of for sixty years; I refer to *Cashel Byron's Profession*, by G. B. Shaw. Apparently it is not so forgotten as I thought, as I found a reprint in one of our libraries dated 1946. On reading it again I could see flashes of the future Shaw, and in spite of its long-windedness it seemed more interesting than some of our present-day books full of perversion, horror, etc. I read it in 1908 just before I was sixteen.

That fall I was sent to a small Eastern boarding school, and when the principal asked me, "What books have you been reading, my dear?" I reeled off a list that made her goggle-eyed. In our house my parents were away a great deal and no one supervised my reading, so I simply went through the shelves. In the large walnut bookcase there were the usual "sets" of Scott, Dickens, Schiller, Napoleon's life, histories of the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, etc. In the smaller mahogany bookcase were Balzac, DeMaupassant, Hardy, Henry James (mostly boring), James Lane Allen, Jerome K. Jerome, Richard H. Davis, Oliver W. Holmes, the American Winston Churchill, *Quo Vadis*, all of Shaw published up to that year, George Ade, *Alice of Old Vincennes*. Does anyone remember Ouida? I am sure I have skipped some, but that will give an idea of what some people read in 1908.

FLORITA EICHEL.
Evansville, Ind.

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Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

In its list of ten books "of particular significance and excellence in 1968," the *New York Times Book Review* names only one novel, *The First Circle*, by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, which it describes as "nineteenth-century in its comprehensive, leisurely grandeur." *Holiday* Magazine, on the other hand, in its quest for the worst book of the year, offers three novels as candidates: Gore Vidal's *Myra Breckenridge*, Allen Drury's *Preserve and Protect*, and Drew Pearson's *The Senator*. (*Holiday* observes: "Mr. Pearson's name appears on the book but Mr. [Gerald] Green says he wrote it, a confession that surely marks Mr. Green as the gamest author of the year.") I have read none of these, but I am willing to take *Holiday*'s word for their badness. If, however, I hadn't read James Baldwin's *Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone* (*SR*, June 1), I should have thought the editors had lost their minds when they named it as their award winner. Alas, no!

All this, I concede, offers ammunition to my old enemies, the people who say the novel is dying if not dead. I will make an even more generous concession: Norman Mailer's *The Armies of the Night* interested me as much as any novel I have read this year. Furthermore, both that work and its companion piece of nonfiction, *Miami and the Siege of Chicago*, seem to me to have more literary merit than either *An American Dream* (*SR*, March 20, 1965) or *Why Are We in Vietnam?* (*SR*, Sept. 16, 1967).

Before I go on to talk about Mailer's nonfiction, I ought to point out that not all critics have as low an opinion as I of his recent fiction. In an article in a scholarly journal, *Novel: A Forum on Fiction*, for fall 1968, Robert Langbaum praises both *Dream* and *Vietnam* as examples of what he calls "hallucinated realism." He gives a coherent account of the first, which is in itself a considerable achievement, and I think he probably is close to Mailer's intention. When, however, he argues that Mailer succeeded in doing what he wanted to do, I cannot go along with him. He insists, for instance, that Rojack's walk around the parapet is "the high point of the novel, a triumph of narration." He writes: "Because we sweat it out with Rojack as wind, rain, and psychologically sensed supernatural forces (Deborah's hands, for example) threaten to dislodge him, we believe in the importance of this ordeal, that it is his Purgatory, his penance and way to salvation." I believe nothing of the sort. I believe that this is one of many unconvincing and ridiculous scenes in a preposterous book.

Even Langbaum cannot make sense of *Why Are We in Vietnam?* although he tries hard. "The wit is not cerebral," he grants; "it is the expression of physical exuberance, and employs the word 'ass' as an all-purpose intensifier." (This seems a curious *non sequitur*.) He admits that the obscenities are tiresome, but thinks they are "necessary for the

giant qualities Mailer wants to portray." He summarizes his judgment in this fashion: "Mailer's psychological and social intelligence combines in these two novels with a wild, fantastic, unpredictable quality of mind that touches raw nerves in us because it is so alive." That Mailer has great literary gifts I affirmed in my review of *Vietnam*. That they find adequate expression in either of these novels I do not believe.

My dissatisfaction with Mailer's recent fiction tempers any regret I might otherwise feel as a result of his present abandonment of the novel. I think it is a good thing—for him and for us. Langbaum quotes a statement Mailer made in 1965: "The realistic literature had never caught up with the rate of change in American life, indeed it had fallen further behind, and the novel gave up any desire to be a creation equal to the phenomenon of the country itself; it settled for being a metaphor." Whether it is the proper function of the novel to keep abreast of change may be argued, but that it hasn't kept up is perfectly obvious. If keeping up is what Mailer wanted to do, he was right to turn to journalism.

The subtitle of *Armies of the Night*—"History as a Novel; the Novel as History"—has no more significance than Truman Capote's talk about "the nonfiction novel." What distinguishes the book from most, though by no means all, journalism is that it contains both subjective and objective reporting. Mailer was in Washington as a participant in the peace demonstration he describes, and he tells not only what happened but also what he thought and felt while it was happening. An egoist in the extreme, he has none of the usual kind of self-protective vanity, and he writes candidly about his various shortcomings. Although there is some mawkish writing and a good deal of windy theorizing, the book does give the reader a feeling for a crucial happening in American history, and I think the *Times* was right in listing it among its significant and excellent ten.

The difference between *Armies of the Night* and *Miami and the Siege of Chicago* is indicated in the fact that in the first the protagonist is called "Mailer" and in the second "the reporter." In the account of the Republican Convention Mailer is merely a journalist, a good one but no better than many others doing a job in Miami. In talking about Chicago he speaks more directly for and about himself, but most of the time there is a considerable distance between him and the events he is describing. But better this sort of competent and lively journalism than a messed-up novel such as *Why Are We in Vietnam?*

I happened to meet a college senior, one with literary hopes and ambitions, just after he had finished reading the portion of Mailer's report on the conventions that appeared in *Harper's*. "This is really it," he said excitedly. "More and more novelists are going to write this sort of thing. I see it coming." Very possibly he's right. If a personal sort of journalism can make something of aspects of contemporary life that won't lend themselves to orthodox fictional treatment, that's fine.

I am not convinced, however, that it is time to bury the novel. If there are things journalism can do and the novel can't, there are plenty of things that are beyond the grasp of journalism. The trouble with being up to date is that one gets out of date so soon. If *An American Dream* had done what Professor Langbaum thinks it did—if, that is, it had really created an American myth—it would make *Armies of the Night* look like an item on page 137 of the Sunday *Times*. If fewer good novels were published in 1968 than in 1967 or 1925 or whenever, that is of no real significance. If one good novel appears in a decade, that proves the novel is alive. And if, meanwhile, writers who haven't the talent or, as seems to be Mailer's situation, the patience to create good novels can find something else useful to do, so much the better.

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Perspective

J. H. Plumb

For millennia mankind has dreamed of the perfect society, from the mythical Arcadia and New Atlantis to actual experiments like Oneida and Brook Farm. Age after age casts its hopes in the image of ideal societies. Often stern, frequently austere, they nevertheless promise happiness. Usually they are designed to free men from their two most selfish drives, lust and avarice. Utopias, of course, change their shape and nature according to the society that gives them birth. The rigorous education and plain living prescribed in Plato's *Republic* has little in common with Hesiod's idyllic Golden Age, where all was abundance, delight, and innocence; and yet the two fulfill a similar moral purpose—indeed, the same one Sir Thomas More was to pursue in *Utopia* and the Owenites at Brook Farm. Every utopia implies a criticism of society and of human nature. Here is what men might make of the world, or what they once enjoyed; the reader is left to contrast it with the corrupt, decadent world he knows. Sir Thomas More wanted to underline the contrast between a society based on true Christian ideals, where the needs of all men were the first consideration of government, with the real world of greedy men striving for power.

Ascetic as the ancient utopias might be, they were all places of felicity, for two major reasons: everyone had sufficient to eat and, because everyone worked, labor was light. A full belly and ample leisure—a simple enough formula for happiness, one might think. But it did not exist for our ancestors. Until the Industrial Revolution hunger, even in the best of times, hung over the mass of mankind like a thundercloud. Furthermore, back-breaking, never-ending toil was the lot of the majority of men and women. To us, with our superabundance of goods, our growing leisure, and our overweight bodies, the Utopia of Sir Thomas More may seem grim. Our anxieties have taken different forms, hence our utopias have turned into nightmares. What a contrast there is between *Brave New World* or *1984* and *Utopia,* or even *The Republic,* at least at first glance; though when studied closely they have their resonances.

Modern utopian writing is meant to scare us, to show us that superabundance combined with the media of mass control possessed by governments may reduce us to creatures that are little more than well-fed automata. Imagination, idealism, criticism, all will be stilled as appetite and desire are constantly sated. Materialism in all its grossness is seen as the true enemy of mankind. For the sake of safety, comfort, and an easy life man will give up independence, will become a tool in the hands of a ruthless Big Brother. His life will be rigorously regulated, his will sapped and molded, while the machine assumes the properties of a Kafkaesque despot. Once "enough" seemed bliss; now "too much" is a nightmare.

I have always found literary utopias, ancient or modern, unsatisfactory. Their assumptions about human nature are always too bleak as well as too unrealistic; their social criticism too crude as well as too obvious. One feels that more can be said more effectively in direct, nonallegorical criticism. Although I can see its virtues, George Orwell's *1984* was always, to me, an unsatisfactory book. His *Animal Farm,* an almost perfect parable, was far better, showing greater imagination and warmth. But, although these two works made Orwell world-famous and brought him the money he so richly deserved and had for so long been denied, neither one is his best book. A satirist or moralist, whether a More or an Orwell, must reduce human beings to symbols of basic principles; all the complexity, the ambivalences of love and hate, guilt and self-approval, idealism and debasement that can exist in one human spirit are lost, as is that world of anxiety and self-doubt which most of us have to learn to live in. And, of course, writers like Orwell are driven to extremes. When he wished to embrace poverty, he turned to tramps and down-and-outs or to the most desperate slums in Britain. He preferred black and white to gray, pure red to pale pink.

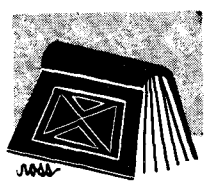
Yet, if this love of absolutes weakened Orwell as a novelist, it strengthened him immensely as a critic and satirist. It enabled him to cut through the soft, deceiving flesh to the bones of the matter. It gave him a clarity of vision that was never deceived by political doubletalk. *The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell* (Harcourt, Brace & World, 4 vols., $36.80) makes clear his exceptional qualities as a political analyst.

In the Thirties most writers on the Left were willing to accept any propaganda put out by Moscow or the Comintern, even when the arguments flew in the face of reality and common sense. They swallowed whole Stalin's purges and trials; they shut their eyes to the betrayals in Spain, and even excused Russia's rapprochement with Hitler. Never Orwell. He realized that the trials were a fraud, the purges a paranoic horror, and that Stalin was a monster. And he said so, not only in *Animal Farm* bu in article after trenchant article, often in obscure journals because neither the orthodox Left nor the orthodox Right wanted his views. After all, he loathed Fascism and capitalism as much as he hated Russian Communism.

Orwell's spirit, wracked and tempered by poverty and ill-health, conscious that his life would be short, did not compromise on other issues, either. His essay "Inside the Whale" is a marvelously clear-eyed survey of the poverty of England's literary scene in the Thirties compared with that of the Twenties. Orwell realized that commitment to Leftist causes did not make Auden a better poet than Eliot, nor did the equivocal political attitudes of Yeats and Lawrence render them insignificant as writers. Indeed, Orwell's literary criticism was always remarkably detached from politics, although he was aware of every writer's political orientation. He detested Eliot's High-Church Anglican Toryism even while he regarded *The Waste Land* as a masterpiece.

Clarity and honesty, combined with an excellent judgment and an objectivity rare for so committed a man, are the outstanding virtues of these four volumes. They represent a massive achievement: surprisingly little that Orwell wrote from 1920 to 1949 has dated at all. He is a brilliant reporter with a sharp eye that reminds me of Daniel Defoe's. His diaries, careful, factual, and deliberately free from fine writing, present an exact and true picture of the worst working-class conditions in the North of England during the Depression. His letters possess the same level-headed quality, curiously impersonal yet vivid. His reviews wear astonishingly well: see his reflections on Housman in "Inside the Whale," or his remarks on Hemingway. He is and always will be a pleasure to read.

And yet he is not a great writer. Something is missing. He saw life with too much clarity and too much detachment, and his passion was reserved too narrowly for politics. He lacked what I suspect most utopian writers or great moralists and satirists usually lack—empathy. Kafka makes one feel the terrors of the world's victims; *1984* merely agitates one's thoughts. And therein lies the difference.



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Bulwark of the West?

Interim Report: On the American Search for Isolation, *by Thomas K. Finletter (Norton. 185 pp. $4.95), argues for the continuance of NATO. A former diplomat, Arthur Prager has lectured on government and politics at Columbia University, New York University, and the New School.*

By ARTHUR PRAGER

WHEN THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY came into existence in 1949 it included the usual proviso for its own extinction. Twenty years was decided upon as an adequate life span. The final year, 1969, is now upon us, and it should generate a period of active campaigning for and against the Treaty, the North Atlantic Alliance, and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, originally a subsidiary of the Alliance and now its principal visible reason for existing.

There are already "dump NATO" movements in some countries. France has withdrawn entirely from NATO but has remained a member of the Alliance, a clever move which reduces her commitment and expense while still guaranteeing U.S. nuclear protection in case of attack.

The next twelve months should bring a good many publications, pro and con, and a great deal of subtle or unsubtle propaganda arguing the need for continuing the existence of NATO, for dissolving it entirely, or for totally or partially revising it to meet current problems, such as the Soviet build-up of a Mediterranean fleet or Soviet arming of Arab nations.

Professional military leaders and people who profit from the manufacture and sale of armaments can be expected to support the organization and to advocate strengthening it with the most modern and devastating weapons available. The Soviet Union for years has kept up a steady diplomatic attack on its existence, and one can predict that they will step up their efforts to get rid of it. Economy-minded U.S. legislators like Senator Mansfield will undoubtedly call for the withdrawal of troops. Political theorists, who believe that there is no danger of Russian attack any longer and who feel that the West should orient itself toward *détente* rather than defense, will argue that military grouping of nations only causes similar grouping on the opposite side and increases military threat rather than diminishing it. After all, aren't the U.N. and the North Atlantic Alliance sufficient to keep peace in the world? Doesn't the fact of NATO's existence stretch far out of shape the provisions of Article 52 of the U.N. Charter, which allows "regional arrangements or agencies for dealing with such matters relating to the maintenance of international peace and security . . ."? Does the deployment of missiles, armored divisions, Polaris submarines, and strategic bombers really live up to the intent of such "regional arrangements and agencies"?

THOMAS K. FINLETTER in his *Interim Report* presents strong arguments in favor of the continuance of NATO with some revisions. He says:

> At the moment NATO stands as the unique bulwark of the West. And this very fact makes it important for all to understand that if NATO breaks apart, and the United States retreats, or is driven across the ocean taking its nuclear guarantees with it, Europe becomes in fact a Russian-dominated area.

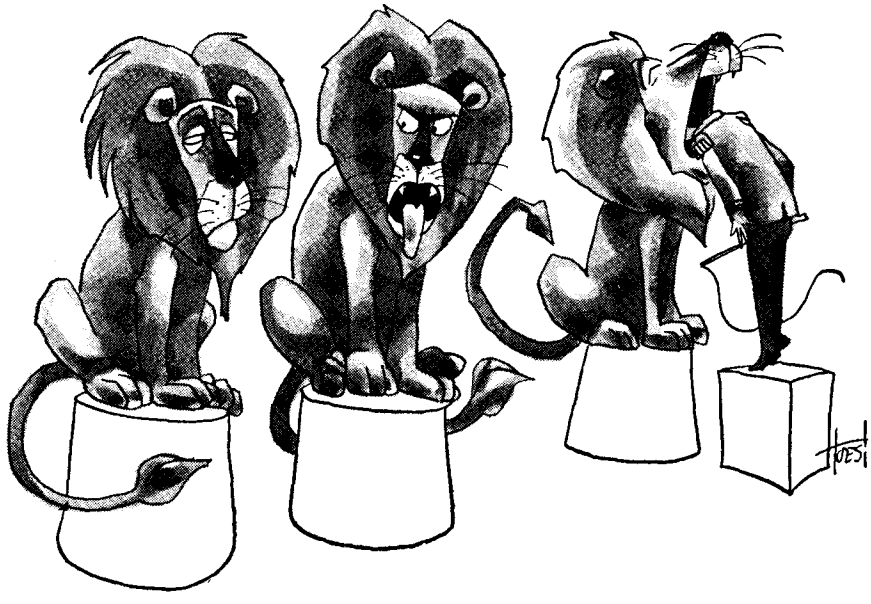
He adds as proof of NATO's value the *non sequitur* that NATO was created to defend Western Europe from Russian attack and to permit unmenaced full recovery from World War II; the Russians have not attacked and the nations have fully recovered; therefore, NATO is and has been a success. This odd syllogism seems out of place coming from the former Secretary of the Air Force and U.S. Ambassador to NATO. Mr. Finletter takes a more practical position when he points out the gaps in post-World War II policy due to the U.N.'s failure to maintain "collective security" when the interests of great powers are involved, compounded by the fact that Communist China has become a nuclear power without having been able to gain U.N membership. Thus, he says, no coherent policy exists except NATO. Whether or not this is the best reason for continuing the organization is questionable.

He goes on to say that there should be more political consultation and less military activity in times of crisis. He regrets the almost total failure of the North Atlantic Alliance to set a policy for meeting problems in the "extra-treaty area," which means everywhere in the world except Europe and North America. The Alliance has a regrettable tendency to announce a policy of unity and consultation, while its individual members carry out an opposite policy of unilateral action, like our own interference in Vietnam, or the British-French attack on Egypt during the Suez crisis of 1956 under plans concealed from President Eisenhower because he might have tried to stop them.

Such actions have bred a kind of cynicism in the Alliance members and have made them limit their deliberations to the geographic boundaries of Europe-North America, avoiding at any cost involvement elsewhere in the world.

Mr. Finletter's book is composed of two long essays, one on the future of the North Atlantic Alliance and the other on the future and past of the American war in Vietnam, and a third, shorter essay offering his suggestion for policy alternatives. He has a great many nice things to say about Democratic Presidents, who were, after all, guilty of occasional misjudgment or wrong decisions based on faulty intelligence reports. He takes the Eisenhower Administration to task for indecision and vacillation, placing the blame for many of NATO's troubles on an Eisenhower-DeGaulle correspondence in which, he suggests, the French President probably misconstrued the meaning of Ike's tangled prose.

He sloughs off in a few lines the mystery of the withdrawal of what he calls "a few" atomic intermediate-range ballistic missiles that had been placed in



"Tch! I wish he'd stop using that greasy kid stuff!"

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Turkey, Italy, and the United Kingdom under a two-key system. The missiles were withdrawn, he says, because they were "of a type which became obsolescent" (surely a reason for replacement rather than withdrawal), and because "the two-key national-deployment system is not appropriate for strategic weapons of enormous destructive power, for political and practical reasons." The phrase, which sounds like something out of a government manual, is unsatisfactory and only excites curiosity about whether that was really the reason for the missiles' removal.

On the Vietnam War the former Ambassador is more concise and factual. He describes the entry of the United States into that unfortunate conflict, listing the events that led up to American support of the Diem government, and outlining the tragic misjudgments that drew us into that untenable position. First, there was the assumption that the commitment of U.S. prestige was so overwhelming that tacit support would be enough, and no combat help would be required; second, the assumption that the creation of SEATO after the fact would give the Vietnam situation an international flavor; third, the assumption that the Vietcong were weaker than they are; fourth, the assumption that the South Vietnamese were politically and militarily able to take care of themselves; fifth, the assumption that strategic bombing of North Vietnam would have an effect on the conduct of the war (Finletter overlooks the fact that major targets, including the seaport of Haiphong, were forbidden to the bombers). All of these contributed to the situation in which the United States finds itself today. When, after error on top of error, intelligence reports showed that the South Vietnamese were about to be overwhelmingly defeated, and it became apparent that the policy on which we had based all our actions up to that point was mistaken, we were drawn into what we had never intended to be drawn into: an active land war on Asian territory.

Mr. Finletter is an internationalist who sees the answer to permanent peace in wide cooperation and consultation. He deplores nationalism and limited thinking on international problems. He is correct in his strong disapproval of the failure of the great Western nations to come up with any sensible policy to replace pre-1940 isolationism. It is to be hoped that his book will stimulate some honest thinking on the part of the new Administration and the rest of the Western policy-makers in this critical year for North Atlantic cooperation.

The Other Intervention

The Dominican Revolt: A Case Study in American Policy, *by Theodore Draper (Commentary. 208 pp. Hardbound, $5.50; paperback, $2.50), maintains that the 1965 uprising and Washington's massive involvement demonstrates a need to re-evaluate the U.S. "program of anti-Communism." James Nelson Goodsell covered the Dominican revolt for The Christian Science Monitor, of which he is Latin American correspondent.*

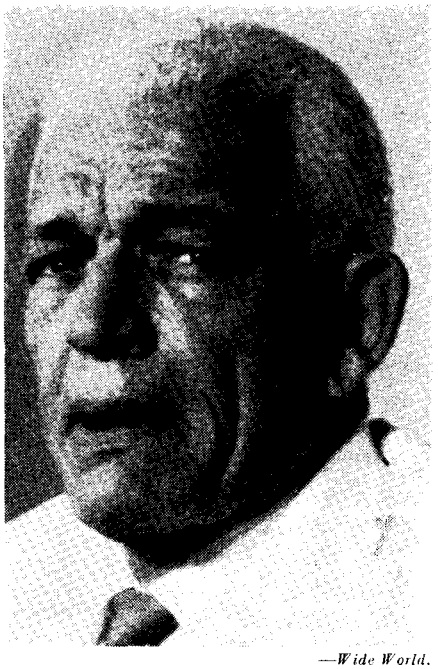
By JAMES NELSON GOODSELL

WHEN HISTORIANS GET AROUND to judging the Johnson Administration and its foreign policy, the still unresolved war in Vietnam and the 1965 intervention in the Dominican Republic will undoubtedly overshadow all other issues. While the Vietnam involvement has been the most steady preoccupation of the President and his advisers, the Dominican revolt and the American response to it may well point up even more clearly than Vietnam the basic uncertainties and ambiguities of American foreign policy in the Johnson years.

The complex and confusing story of the Dominican crisis is retold in these vivid pages by Theodore Draper, one of the most careful observers of the events in 1965. The book is an expanded version of an article he wrote for *Commentary* Magazine in December 1965, and serves as one more example of Mr. Draper's continuing efforts to question and challenge the direction of American foreign policy. As such, *The Dominican Revolt* is bound to be praised as well as criticized. Its real value, however, lies in its call for sober rethinking about an affair that evoked much passion at the time. Even though Mr. Draper is himself critical of Washington's attitudes and actions, his analysis is essentially fair, and he sheds considerable new light.

Mr. Draper sees our Dominican intervention as "symptomatic of an American crisis, or more exactly, a crisis in the conduct of foreign affairs in this area, . . ." and "primarily one of Presidential power and policy, inasmuch as the President and the men around him are almost wholly responsible for the conduct of our foreign affairs."

From most evidence now available, Washington appears to have been taken somewhat by surprise when the revolution broke out in Santo Domingo on April 24, 1965. U.S. Ambassador W. Tapley Bennett was at home in Georgia; several senior officers of the Embassy were also away from their posts. Moreover, the Embassy did not appear to be very well informed about some of the underlying currents in Dominican politics. Mr. Draper wastes no time in suggesting that the crisis "germinated in the first weeks of the Johnson Administration," when the new President in one of his first foreign policy decisions recognized the successors to the ousted Juan Bosch. Mr. Draper also notes that from then on Latin American policy was in the hands of Thomas C. Mann, President Johnson's Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American affairs. Mann's approach diverged sharply from that of the Kennedy Administration, which had supported constitutional governments in Latin America. Under Johnson, Washington "implicitly sought to prevent the restoration of the constitutional Bosch government," and "refused to recognize [Bosch's] existence," Mr. Draper charges.



—*Wide World.*

Juan Bosch—the U.S. "refused to recognize his existence."

The author concludes that with such a policy it was only a question of time before the U.S. would come up against a Dominican crisis. Much of the book is devoted to the struggle in Washington "for the conscience and comprehension of President Johnson and those closest to him" after the revolt actually broke out.

Mr. Draper believes that the deeper meaning behind the crisis lies in "the use and abuse of anti-Communism." Washington claimed that its massive intervention in the Dominican Republic was justified by the presence of dozens of known Communists in the rebel movement, an allegation that has been strongly put in question. Moreover, writes Mr. Draper, anti-Communism has often "led us into the path of disgrace and disaster." He believes that the Dominican episode demonstrates a need to re-evaluate the American program of "anti-Communism," and his book provides a good beginning for such reconsideration.

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Threnody in Blue

Mood Indigo, *by Boris Vian, translated from the French by John Sturrock (Grove. 191 pp. $4.95), erases the barriers between the subjective and objective worlds by portraying a reality where time and space pulsate with the activities and emotions of the characters. Anna Balakian, whose latest book is "The Symbolist Movement: A Critical Appraisal," teaches French and comparative literature at New York University.*

By ANNA BALAKIAN

IF IN THESE TROUBLED TIMES it still matters, a beautiful book has been resurrected from literary oblivion. Boris Vian's *L'Ecume des jours*, or *Mood Indigo* as it has been called in free translation, is now available in an American edition. Written in 1946, it is Vian's finest work; although the author was only twenty-six years old he had already traveled a long distance in art and wisdom in the three years he had been writing. John Sturrock's English version happily preserves the poetry and dynamism of Vian's style.

Who was Boris Vian? Despite his non-Gallic first name, he was totally and exclusively French. Born in 1920, he came of age in the same somber era as Camus, and his novel is of the same climate as *The Stranger* and *The Myth of Sisyphus*, or Sartre's *Age of Reason*, or Anouilh's *Antigone*. But there is this difference: Vian answered the quiet stoicism of the existentialists with poetic indignation against the ignominies to which man was being asked to accommodate himself. Vian was an engineer by training and a musician by avocation. He loved jazz, particularly that of Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong, relating his anguish to the Blues. His biographer-critic, David Noakes (*Boris Vian*, Presses Universitaires, 1964), pictures him as a prince of Saint-Germain des Prés, launching his literary career in the entourage of Jean-Paul Sartre and as a contributor to *Les Temps Modernes* and *Combat*.

Unfortunately, the only way Boris Vian could gain recognition in his lifetime was through notoriety, which he achieved by printing a number of highly profane and pornographic books under the guise of "translations" from a black American he had invented by the name of Vernon Sullivan. The hoax was quickly discovered, but Vian could never shake off the stigma of being known primarily as the author of *I Shall Spit on Your Graves*, despite the five full-length novels he wrote under his own name.

"*L'écume des jours*" refers to the foam that rises on the sea after the waves break. Life, Vian suggests, is like that: aspiring, violent, cruelly evanescent in the end. In this tightly knit allegory of less than 200 pages he manages to say pretty nearly all that needs to be said about life in the twentieth century, and he says it more pungently than many a thick sociological documentary. He slashes into our society with a razor's edge; none of our meanness escapes him. However, what distinguishes this poignant book from all the cruel ones on the same subject is that it was not done in vengeance or for laughs, but with the pity and disappointment of one whose heart was tender and whose love of life was immense.

—*Painting by Betty Bouthoul.*

Boris Vian—"poetic indignation."

If *Mood Indigo* is a fantasy, the word must be taken in terms of Lewis Car-

(*Continued on page* 38)

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1325

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1325 will be found in the next issue.

EH E PECFWALV VDUON VA-

WCH VDUON-VEFOW UC ROH-

LEUW, HI EC ACHAKKOHHNAS

EAVDIW VAWCH KWUVUK.

—LOWKX PXHHDO HDOSSOX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1324

Optimism . . . is a mania for maintaining that all is well when things are going badly. —VOLTAIRE.

Grappling at the Griff

Snow Gods, *by Frederic Morton (NAL/World. 365 pp. $5.95), introduces a varied group of power-seekers assembled at a fashionable Swiss ski resort. Stephen Geller's latest novel, "Joop's Dance," will be published next fall.*

By STEPHEN GELLER

THE UNIQUENESS OF FICTION lies in its ability to create a super-reality, a heightening of the stresses, tensions, and currents that compose the fabric of our real or imaginary lives. Fiction promises us a person. Great fiction gives us an entire canvas of fully developed figures whose realities set off a chain of spiritual and thematic events in our minds, and allow us to ride upon the sparkling current of their implications.

Many authors seem to turn shallowly inward, taking pleasure in the sound of their own shaky, *angst*-ridden voices, forsaking the richly explored vision of humanity for a mean, spare glibness of journalistic thought. Contemporary fiction is therefore all the more unique when it ceases to be self-conscious and narcissistic and turns outward, leaving the reader with an experience that can be translated into no other form.

Frederic Morton's *Snow Gods* offers such an experience. It is a novel richly designed, elegant in plot, witty and ironic in characterization. Morton's concerns are the uses of power and the lives of the powerful. As physical and spiritual sickness drove Thomas Mann's characters in *The Magic Mountain* to the International Sanatorium Berghof, so the scent of power sends Morton's "snow gods" to the Hotel Griff, an expensive ski resort in Switzerland.

On the surface his people are the social types encountered in tabloids: an internationally famous black mime and his aristocratic English wife; an American actress and her husband, an example of Jewish Literatus New Yorkus; an ex-Nazi piano virtuoso; a White Russian prince who lives in the hotel. Then Morton begins to probe their obsession with power, and shortly he has exposed the irony of power itself.

Morton's ear for dialogue is rare, his humor delicious. There are innumerable surprises, plot twists, character revelations, but none of the events are whimsical or forced. Each is an intricate part of the baroque tale Morton has created, and is consistent with the characters themselves.

Snow Gods is a novel by an author in full control of his medium, and concerned with problems that confound humanity. Perhaps the theme is old-fashioned, but, in the right hands, it endures.

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Criminal Record

Fact

Moment of Madness: The People vs. Jack Ruby. *By Elmer Gertz. With a preface by Jon R. Waltz, Professor of Law at Northwestern University School of Law. Follett.* $6.95. Untold millions of TV watchers saw Jack Ruby gun down Lee Harvey Oswald on November 24, 1963. In March 1964 further mil-

lions heard a Dallas jury find Jack Ruby guilty of murder. Elmer Gertz, one of the attorneys for the Ruby family, describes the intricate legal maneuvers that led to a reversal of that verdict. Here we have an essential contribution to the history of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

The Pinkertons: The Detective Dynasty that Made History. *By James P. Horan. Crown.* $4.95. There is a huge mass of documentation about the Pinkertons, some of it prepared by themselves; and Mr. Horan's study provides a fitting capstone to a remarkable set of careers. One of the Pinkertons' earliest triumphs was the saving of Abraham Lincoln's life when he was en route to Washington for his first inauguration.

The North Avenue Irregulars: A Suburb Battles the Mafia. *By the Rev. Albert Fay Hill. Cowles.* $4.95. This is a true and sparkling account of how a Presbyterian preacher in New Rochelle, N.Y., mobilized the women of his church in a campaign to track down numbers racketeers, shakedowners, crooked cops, vice peddlers, *et id genus omne.* Wonderful!

Fiction

The Capitol Hill Affair. *By Leigh James. Weybright & Talley.* $5.50. When high CIA exec is daunted by eminence of a suspected traitor and begs off, a lesser operative and a gossip-sheet editor join hands to frustrate plot for aiding Chinese Reds. National Press Club cuisine assailed.

Moth in a Rag-Shop. *By Robert Chambers. Bobbs-Merrill.* $4.95. New York detective, second grade, follows through when female body turns up in lower East Side walk-up. Much of the action is in Puerto Rico. A straightforward police case, and a good one.

Voice from the Grave. *By Doris Miles Disney. Crime Club.* $3.95. Doting mother, four times wed, now summering in northern Maine lake country, grieves for missing son who had promised he wouldn't shoot the rapids; she won't take death for an answer. Usual pro performance.

With Malice Toward All. *Edited and with a foreword by Robert L. Fish. Putnam.* $4.95. This twenty-third anthology of short stories by members of the Mystery Writers of America is an admirable job, as usual. Five of the tales have never been published before, and the other nineteen merit republication in durable form.

The Corpse Was No Bargain At All. *By Hampton Stone. Simon & Schuster.* $4.50. Mac of the New York D.A.'s office sees what he should not see on a Manhattan roof, nor does he realize that the lady's husband lies slain a few miles away.

Death of an Alderman. *By John Buxton Hilton. Walker.* $3.95. A yard superintendent and a sergeant team effectively, and without ruffling the feathers of the local police, to solve the killing of an English provincial biggie. A model of its kind.

Commander Amanda Nightingale. *By George Revelli. Grove.* $4.95. The heroine of this specialty number, when we first meet her, is guest of honor at a banquet where her splendid war record as a British spy is brought forward from the evil days.

The Deadly Eurasian. *By Alexander Cordell. Weybright & Talley.* $5.50. A comely and cruel girl, grad of the Peking School of Espionage, is assigned to find out whether a missile that has devastated the Chinese mainland was discharged by accident or by U.S. order.

The Locked Room Reader. *Edited by Hans S. Santesson. Random House.* $6.95. These "stories of impossible crimes and escapes" are sixteen in number, plus two that are legitimately called novels. A brilliant idea, brilliantly carried out.

The Mystery of the Cape Cod Players. *By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. Norton.* $4.95. This title raises to seventeen the number of Asey Mayo detective yarns that have been restored to availability

—SERGEANT CUFF.

WIT TWISTER #92

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The minister advised — — — — — — — — youths
That they were — — — — — — — — — down to fiery coals:
"Cast off your doubts! Embrace God's Truths!
"And wash the sooty — — — — — — — — — from your souls!"

(*Answer on page* 38)

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

A New Year Not Forgotten

THE THIRD CLASS coaches from Paris were very bad—wooden seats in the compartments and no heat. As we were going on a skiing expedition, we had dressed in our warmest ski clothes for the Channel crossing, and never took them off until we reached Chamonix thirty-six hours later. There were ten of us crowded into the compartment; but we were all young, and we huddled together through the long night, which became progressively colder as we climbed into the mountains.

Dorrie and Flo had bought bread and cheese in the station in Paris, and at least two of the boys had bottles of sour red wine. Hans, of course, was never without his "squeeze box" so, in the beginning, we sang, and munched, and drank. Then we drifted off into short naps, awakened joltingly every time the train stopped at a station and started up again. It was impossible to see anything as the night was deeply, impenetrably black, and the windows lining the corridor outside the compartment were covered with soot. But we could *feel* the little train laboring upward, pausing and catching its breath for the next snowy peak, sighing, as though in relief, when the tracks found a pass.

We were weary and stiff when the train lurched to the last stop, and we stood at the open door of the coach in the flooding sunshine. Our tired eyes and minds could scarcely comprehend the beauty of the little cardboard pink-and-white village of Chamonix, set down with a gentle hand in the dazzling white cup of the French Alps. In every direction, the mountains soared beyond our vision and beyond our ken. We could only gasp at the miracle of them, and at the pure, flowing shape of Mont Blanc piercing the blue tissue paper of the sky. It was a strange experience to walk from the station, carrying our suitcases along the snowy sidewalks, glancing in the little shop windows, hearing the bells from a nearby church fall like drops of sound in the bright air, and then—the sudden look upward. Although the heart and the mind knew that the mountains were always there, the eyes were forever looking upward, filling heart and mind anew with the incredible wonder of them.

Following a narrow, twisting street that almost shut out the sunlight because the buildings were so high that the upper stories leaned over to each other with neighborly ease, we found our hotel. The leader of our group and his wife were waiting for us in the lobby. They had come two days earlier with ten other students from the University of London, and we had traveled separately from Exeter.

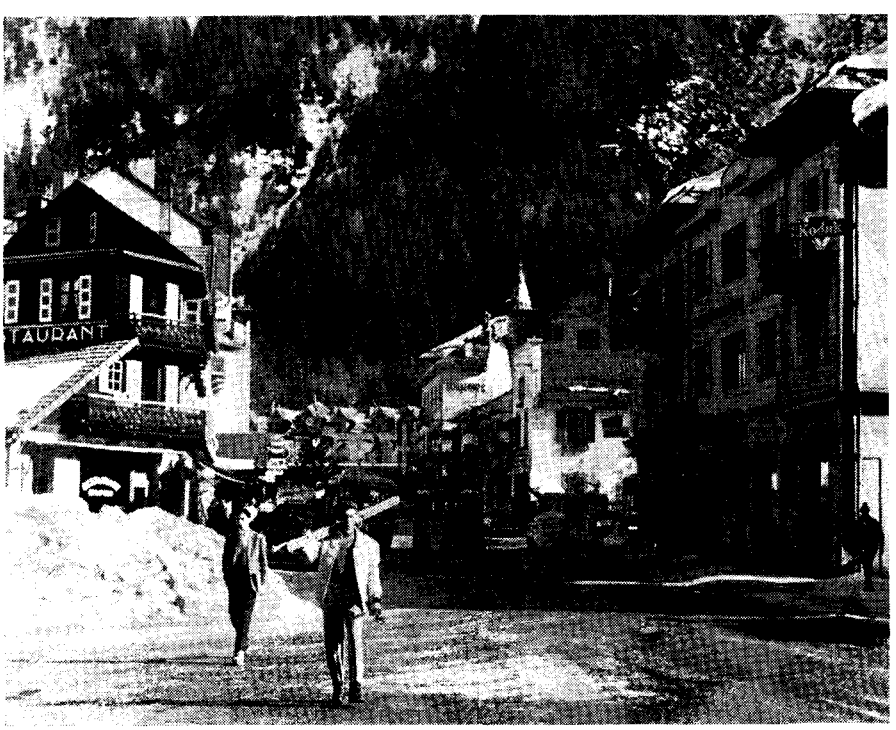
Ross was young and good-natured, not bothered that the hotel was very second-rate, or that only two in his group were experienced skiers. He prefaced every sentence by saying "Actually . . ." and then continued with a vague air of not being at all sure, and not caring whether he was. He and his wife, Joan, were both ardent skiers, and I think they had taken the job so that they could spend as much time as possible on the slopes of Mont Blanc. Since they were no more than two or three years older than the rest of us, they treated us with the tolerance of contemporaries, and largely left us alone.

We were a grand mixture of nationalities in that bleak hotel presided over by a French lady who never smiled, and who drove a hard bargain by pretending not to understand a word of English. In our Exeter group, we had five Americans, one Englishman, two Norwegians, a German, and a Maltese. The London group was all English, all seriously dedicated to learning how to ski. We wanted to ski, but none of us took it seriously. Hank and Eliot (the American boys from Wesleyan) used to cut hilarious capers out on the slopes, dashing in and out among the beginners, always ending up in a cloud of snow with their legs in the air.

Ernst was our Swiss ski instructor, a gentle, smiling man who must have been appalled at our lack of purpose, but who never chided us in any way. Nor did he fail to say "*Bien fait!*" with a broad smile every time any one of us managed to come down in a standing position. Arne and Einar had grown up in Norway, and they were able to teach Ernst a trick or two.

The long sunny mornings in the snow were gay and exhilarating. Walking back to the village, with our skis and poles over our shoulders, laughing and talking in French (we felt we had to be practicing it all the time), we were filled again with the delight of being part of that picture postcard town, whose only traffic was sleighs and snowshoes, and whose only sounds were church bells, the imperious clanging of the engines at the train station, or the cry of a chestnut vendor. The still, hurting-cold air caught and held the sounds as prolonged echoes, and the footsteps on the streets made ringing-bright crunchings in the deeply packed snow.

In the afternoons, we would go to the *pâtisserie* near the *gare*, always standing outside first to gaze at all the riches displayed in the window. "Today, I will have *le Napoléon*!". . . . "*Non, non*, it



—*French Government Tourist Office.*

Chamonix today—*pâtisserie* windows, gabled roofs, and Mont Blanc.

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is the cream puff that is *superbe*!" Finally, we opened the door and all piled into the steaming, fragrant warmth to sit around the marble tables and sip hot *chocolat*, and make difficult choices from the staggering mounds of pastry.

We filled up on those goodies, knowing that the dinner menu provided by Madame Goudon at the hotel was unvarying—rabbit stew. But we had wonderful evenings around the long table after the stew had been consumed, and Madame had dourly consented to provide us with another bottle of wine. Ross and Joan sat at the head of the table nearest the fireplace and conducted our intense discussions of everything from love and literature to the state of the world, which seemed as perilous in those days as it does today. We had the benefit of many points of view, and they conflicted more often than they agreed. Yet we all had in common our youth and the knowledge that whatever happened would affect each one of us profoundly. Hans was the most pessimistic. "How can you go on studying about microbes or music when you know the world is going up in flames?" We teased him for being melodramatic, or for really worrying that he hadn't passed his biology exam before leaving Exeter. Yet there remained an area of worry in the backs of our minds, something that wouldn't go away in spite of our gay, international living, and the storybook quality of life in that little French town.

We were very tired when we fell into those huge feather beds at night. The frost had made delicate drawings on the inside of our windows, and the mountain night was so velvety-still that the sound of Ross's voice calling "*Bonne nuit!*" out the front door to the watchman sounded like a tocsin between the gabled roofs.

Madame Goudon managed to smile on December 24, and that evening, everyone helped to put up and trim the Christmas tree in the lobby. I cannot remember what we had for dinner that night, but I do know it was not rabbit stew, and I also remember that it was snowing outside. Christmas in Chamonix was a medieval tapestry and, on Boxing Day, the heavy snowfall had obliterated our ski runs, so Ernst took us to Geneva to visit the League of Nations building.

Then, the time was up, and we grudgingly paid Madame 5 francs apiece to take a bath in her rusty tub miles down the dank corridor from the WC. Actually—as Ross would say—we cheated her as often as possible, leaving the door unlocked and allowing the next person in unpaid. She couldn't police the hallway *all* afternoon.

The original ten from Exeter made the day train trip to Paris, arriving after dark. We had thought our French quite

—*French Government Tourist Office.*

". . . dazzling white cup of the French Alps."

good in Chamonix, but the Paris taxi drivers laughed out loud at our accents when we gave them the address of our Left Bank hotel: "*Six, Rue de Verneuil.*" Not one of us could make it sound right, but it was good enough to get us there. We were unchaperoned in Paris, and we found that we actually missed Ross and Joan at times. The five boys shared one room, and the five girls were down the hall in another—two double beds and a cot in each room, "bed and breakfast." We were enormously pleased with the way we saved on living expenses. We were, of course, all broke.

The breakfast in France consisted of hot chocolate and rolls, so we made our noon meal the big one. We found innumerable restaurants on the Left Bank with huge menus four pages in length, the variety enormous, and the prices right. Our evening meal was always long loaves of bread, which we bought fresh each afternoon from the bakery, chunks of cheese, and bottles of wine. After the day's sight-seeing we carried home our supper, everyone congregating in the girls' room, sitting all over the beds and the floor, eating, talking, and always ending up singing when Hans brought out his accordion.

We were inveterate sightseers, determined not to miss anything. We did a great deal of walking and riding on the *métro*, as that was cheap, and very few of the places we saw charged admission. We did treat ourselves to a bus ride and a day at the Tuileries, though the gardens were dark and bare in that late December, and one wondered how the Bourbon kings kept warm in those vast, drafty galleries and elegant, vaulted rooms. We saved up our francs, and had one fling at the Folies Bergère. Then Katie, the girl from Malta, said that we should do something cultural on New Year's Eve to compensate. So we went to the *Opéra Comique* and sat under the eaves, our eyes misty as Mimi died on her couch and Rudolf turned from covering the window to realize, with a wrenching cry of anguish, that he had lost her. In the third act, snow had been falling on Paris when Mimi and Rudolf were reunited at the city gate and, when we emerged from the *Opéra Comique*, it was snowing in Paris again.

We went to the Left Bank as this was the area we had come to know so well. Hank and Arne, the boy from Oslo who was going to Germany to study medicine, had discovered a small cellar nightclub a few days earlier. We had decided it would be a cozy, inexpensive way to greet the new year.

There were stone arches, a stone floor, and small tables crowded together. We were so close that we were soon lifting beer mugs and drinking toasts with the French patrons. There was much good-natured banter back and forth, as it didn't take the Parisians long to realize we were from other lands. I don't know who started the singing—it was after we had all shouted "*Bonne Année*!" at midnight—but everyone joined in, and we sang every song that had ever been written in any language, or so it seemed.

And, finally, we all quieted down and one by one people drifted up the stone steps to the outer door, and we pushed our benches with a great clatter, and went out into the snowy night calling "*Bonne nuit!*" over our shoulders to the kindled warmth behind us.

It wasn't very cold in that hushed outside world. The falling snow paled the darkness with luminous white. It seemed we were the only ones abroad. Across the empty bridges and the oyster-white Seine, flowing dark and deep beneath the snow, lay the great city. Where there were lights, the sky dazzled and glowed in silvery streaks. Where the buildings were shrouded in black, the silence seemed mysterious and gentle.

Perhaps, as we walked slowly back to the hotel, after the singing and the laughter, we were beginning to think of what the coming year might bring to the world, or perhaps we were thinking of what it would bring to each one of us. Would I go back to the United States, or would I stay in England and finish at the University? Where would the ten of us be next New Year's Eve?

It didn't matter, though, because we were all friends and we were happy then, and I had no way of knowing in the early hours of January 1, 1939, that, except for Hank and Eliot, Dorrie and Flo, I was never to see the rest again.

—Mary Wallace.

Mary Wallace is a free-lance writer and a frequent contributor to *SR*.

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Threnody in Blue

Continued from page 34

roll's *Alice in Wonderland*. Things happen in this book exactly as they happen in life as man confronts his condition and struggles with the web of social behavior. Some of Vian's acrimonious observations derive from Alfred Jarry, but his fantasy is inspired by André Breton. Vian seems in fact to have searched for that surrealist point Breton described from which "life and death, the real and the imaginary, the past and the present, the communicable and the incommunicable, the high and the low, cease to be perceived as contradictions." What Breton meant is superbly illustrated by Vian's book: that there is not a more complete way of conveying one's sense of life, one's experience and indignation, than to take the metaphor literally (even as the West Virginian miner who said, "There is human blood on every ton of coal.").

In the world of Boris Vian time moves at the varying pace of his characters' lives, space narrows literally when his hero's heart is constricted with grief and fear, the gourmet cooking he and his friends enjoy turns into three burned sausages, a growth in the lung of a beautiful young bride is an evil flower, a defense plant is a place where rifle barrels are grown with human body heat. The words "as if" have simply been eliminated. But this is not to say that Vian has wandered away from reality; instead, he has taken a deeper, more total view of it and has erased the barriers between himself and the objective world.

In an epoch when Sartre was preaching commitment, Vian knew that there was in effect no question of choice, and that detachment as an alternative, which writers often assumed in their pursuit of art for art's sake, was a flimsy delusion. Involvement is a premise of existence, the *sine qua non* of life itself, from which we are delivered only when we die.

The story Vian tells is a simple one. Colin, his hero, starts life as every young man would dream of doing: he is vigorous, rich, free of the need to work. He possesses in full measure the conditions for that "nonslavery to life" which was part of Breton's declaration of surrealist rebellion. He also believes that life, under the circumstances with which he is blessed, cannot be anything but a smooth voyage on calm waters, undisturbed by breakers of any dimension. Being as generous as he is rich, Colin wants to share his fortune with his friend Chick, who was born poor. He treats his cook as a brother. He is vibrant with expectation of all that life can offer. He has the good fortune to meet the right girl, Chloe, at the right time; she is a dream, as good and beautiful as he is.

Then begins the nightmare. Chloe develops a fatal illness which eats up Colin's fortune and forces him to seek the most humiliating ways of earning enough for food and medical bills. Colin had given part of his patrimony to Chick so that he too might marry and live happily ever after, but Chick spends it on rare editions of books by his literary idol, "Jean-Sol Partre."

The magic of Duke Ellington, which serves as tonal background for the work, may not set in motion the promise of life for today's younger readers as it did for Vian's generation. Existentialism occupies perhaps too central a place in the novel in relation to its weakened position today. But the major targets of Vian's satire are still with us: the manufacture of war machines, man's loss of his soul to technology, the arrogance of doctors, the absurdities of social ceremony, and the financial manuevers of organized religions.

Colin says at one point: "What interests me isn't the happiness of mankind in general, but the happiness of each individual." Boris Vian's was one of the last cries of the individualist. Group action, group thinking, group happiness, and even group rebellion have engulfed the particular.

Vian was struck down by a heart condition at the age of thirty-nine, but his death was not absurd and unexpected, like that of Camus six months later. Vian knew his vulnerability, and lived each day as if it might be his last. Perhaps that is why there is so much immediacy and fervor in his novel.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

TITLE CHARACTERS

In each passage the author describes one of the title characters listed at the right. Mrs. Thomas Forge of Arvada, Colorado, challenges you to match them all correctly, or face the firing squad on page 61.

1. He was a son of God . . . and he must be about His Father's business, the service of a vast, vulgar, and meretricious beauty. ( )
2. Her emotions were all on the surface. Beneath, she was very shrewd . . . and with it all, purely feminine. ( )
3. It was a luxuriance of aspect, a fullness of growth, which made her appear more of a woman than she really was. ( )
4. She could coax and she could hustle, her tongue having a soft side and a sharp edge. ( )
5. This young girl was not a coquette in that sense; she was very unsophisticated, she was only a pretty . . . flirt. ( )
6. Her black dress, with its sumptuous lace, . . . was only the frame, and all that was seen was she—simple, natural, elegant, . . . gay and eager. ( )
7. . . . her unconscious and innate beauty of soul, a world of love behind the quiet brow, and . . . that divine something which baffles description. ( )
8. He seemed a part of the mute melancholy landscape, an incarnation of its frozen woe. ( )
9. I had a theoretical reverence and homage for beauty, elegance, gallantry, fascination. ( )
10. She had to go on smiling, to hear repeated to her at all hours that she was happy, to pretend to be happy. . . . ( )

a) Anna Karenina

b) Daisy Miller

c) Ethan Frome

d) Eugénie Grandet

e) The Great Gatsby

f) Jane Eyre

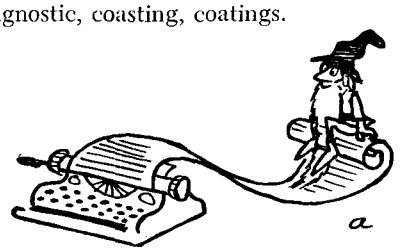
g) Madame Bovary

h) Mrs. Dalloway

i) Saint Joan

j) Tess of the D'Urbervilles

Answer to Wit Twister, page 35: agnostic, coasting, coatings.



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Frederick Douglass

By KENNETH REXROTH

IF the function of a classic is to provide archetypes of human motives and relationships that will form myths for a usable past, the early literature of Black America suffers from a limitation which might well be assumed to be crippling. It is conditioned by slavery, and therefore by the highly abnormal relationship between white and black people in a slave society.

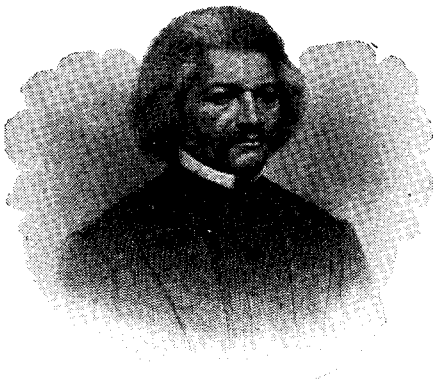
This is true whether the subject is a Southern plantation or the Abolitionist movement in the North. The slave is forced to live a fundamentally perverted life, as though an ant were forced by his colleagues to behave like an aphid. The Abolitionist is engaged in the struggle against an absurdity, an ant protesting against being treated as an aphid. So those earliest works of Black Americans are of greatest value when their subject is not simple escape from slavery, but the achievement of true freedom. This is the essence of the program of the radical exponents of black culture today. They point out most correctly that as long as black literature concerns itself with racial conflict in terms that appeal primarily to a white audience it is not a free literature. A classic of black literature would transcend racial conflict and exist in a realm of the fully human. Its terms would be self-sufficient, self-determining—and black. This is a subtle matter and has nothing to do with overt subject matter, which, as long as racial conflict exists, must include it.

Frederick Douglass was born free. His servile status was a juridical delusion of his owner. His race, his existence as a Negro, was the "custom of the country." It was also his deliberate choice. His mother was a house servant and not fully black. His father was white. In more civilized countries than the United States he would have been considered, if anyone bothered to think about it, a white man with some mixture of Negro ancestry, no more a "black" than Pushkin or the elder Dumas. Although his adult life was spent almost entirely with white people, Frederick Douglass chose to think as a black man. This in itself was no small accomplishment. It is more difficult to avoid becoming an *assimilado* than, for Douglass at least, to escape from slavery.

The most remarkable thing about Frederick Douglass's story of his childhood and youth, the thing that gives the narrative its simple and yet overwhelming power, is his total inability to think with servility. Aristotle said that it was impossible for a slave to be the subject of tragedy because a slave had no will of his own and could not determine his own conduct. Aristotle probably meant this as a permanent, indelible condition conferred by servile status. So that, for instance, the rise and fall of Spartacus, the leader of the great Roman slave revolt, could not be a tragedy, because it was conditioned entirely by his relationship to slavery. Aristotle's is a false assumption. It does not apply to Douglass. He does not escape from slavery, he does not revolt against it, he simply walks away from it, as soon as he gets a chance, as from an absurdity which has nothing to do with him.

WE accept the preconditions of Frederick Douglass's life far too easily. We forget how extraordinary it is to witness the growth and ultimate victory of a truly autonomous man in such a situation. The details are amazing enough, his struggle to obtain an education, to learn a trade, his adventures with cruel or kind or indifferent owners. Most amazing is the indestructible humanity of one whom society called a thing, a chattel to be bought and sold.

Douglass's fame in his own day was primarily as an orator, and that of course to audiences mostly of white people. He was the most powerful speaker of a fairly large number of ex-slaves who were professional agitators in the Abolitionist movement. So his writing is colored by the oratorical rhetoric of the first half of the nineteenth century, yet this has singularly little effect upon the present cogency of his style. We find similar rhetoric on the part of white men unreadable today. Douglass's is as effective as ever. It's not just that he is in fact simpler and more direct than his white contemporaries. It is that his rhetoric is true. He believes and means what he says. He is not trying to seduce the reader with false promises of a flowery style. A hard, true rhetoric is not rhetoric in the pejorative sense. So today his autobiography is completely meaningful. His poetry and quotations from his speeches are being recited in churches and meetings all over America. One of the great values to us of Frederick Douglass is that he makes it abundantly clear that not all white people, even in the slave states, partook of the collective guilt of mastership. Most of his early education was due to the sister-in-law of one of his owners, Mrs. Hugh Auld. The Aulds later took him back from an owner who had imprisoned him for "suspicion of planning an escape," and apprenticed him to a ship caulker. Thus they gave Douglass a trade which enabled him at last to get away.



Frederick Douglass

—Bettmann Archive.

Frederick Douglass—"A human being who always knew he was free. . . ."

In these days when black people go about shouting indiscriminately, "You kept me in slavery for 400 years," many white Americans forget that among their own ancestry were people who spent their time and substance in the Abolitionist movement, or risked and sometimes lost their lives on the Underground Railroad. We all forget that, although the economic interpreters of history tell us that the Civil War was a quarrel between the industrialists of the North and the great land owners of the South, the thousands of young men who died in the bloodiest battles in history to that date were under the impression they were fighting to free the slaves.

IT is horrifying to think that this great man with his indomitable, massive mind was eventually able to purchase his own freedom for 150 pounds subscribed by the antislavery movement. It is as though Michelangelo or Thomas Jefferson had price tags of $500 hung about their necks. The autobiography of Frederick Douglass is a "Great Book," a classic—not because it is the story of a Negro who escaped from slavery, but because it is the story of a human being who always knew he was free and who devoted his life to helping other men realize freedom.

The original edition, *Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, an American Slave*, and *The Life and Times of Frederick Douglass*, and selections from his poems and speeches are all available in paperback.

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

Homage to Chicago

LIKE A FIST in the face, the John Hancock Center attacks Chicago's skyline, proclaiming supremacy despite a backdrop of extraordinary virility. No other city in America, indeed anywhere, can equal the visual excitement of this metropolis. Chicagoans are upset, and doubtless justifiably, because the new 100-story Hancock building is dislocating a choice residential section. Just how well intimate streets in this neighborhood can accommodate the traffic problems created by so vast a structure is anybody's guess, but the prognosis is scarcely optimistic. Almost completed, the ziggurat-like tower will house both business and residential tenants, to say nothing of restaurants and bars.

If for a moment we ignore the fine points of urban planning and view Chicago merely as an external phenomenon, then this arrogant compilation of modern Americana becomes an exhilarating experience. Where else could a vast sculpture by Picasso be so overwhelmed as to seem little more than a decorative trinket? Standing there in downtown Chicago, the 50-foot steel piece is something of an anachronism, its European roots curiously threatened by uncompromising American diversity. The Civic Center Plaza, where the sculpture theoretically stars, is surrounded by a polyglot assemblage of buildings, some towering and new, others ramshackle and seedy, but together presenting a cityscape of such irreverence that any chance of individual stardom is ruled out. Only the city itself stars. True, the sculpture is not a great work by Picasso, even though it is a big one. But somehow the artist's incredible vitality is swamped by the far greater vitality of Chicago.

Construction in Space in the Third and Fourth Dimension **by Antoine Pevsner—". . . the least publicized but . . . best outdoor sculpture in the city. . ."**

Splendid buildings, deplorable ones, spacious, sleek, refined, brutal, decaying, heroic ones are jumbled together in soaring madness. If reason, proportion, and scale are lacking, not so the stamp of power. In comparison, New York seems timid, well bred, even somewhat inert. Lacking is that volatile sense of space which permits Chicago and its sprawling contradictions to be seen from myriad vantage points. It is not just a vertical urban pile we see, but a city generating its own shape. The Midway, the river, the Outer Drive, the lake, even destroyed-about-to-be-rebuilt areas cut swaths through shifting densities to make a kaleidoscope of changing relationships. In most American cities, one finds the worst abutting the best, the new besieging the old, but in Chicago these divergences are sharper. One stands off, takes stock, and realizes that no ideally planned metropolis could duplicate its impact. At the risk of seeming inhuman, I hope this city's tangled jungle is never fully tamed.

Water is a keynote here as it is in other famous towns such as Venice, London, Dublin, Amsterdam. A dirty river threads through Chicago, a shining lake pounds against it and against wide stretches of filled-in land. It is Lake Michigan, of course, that gives the city light and life. Neither comes easy.

Another nearly completed skyscraper, the First National Bank building, dominates the downtown landscape with the same authority that the Hancock Center wields further north. Impressively heavy (as befits a bank), the structure slopes upward, inducing a buoyant sense of levitation despite the building's massive weight. Both new skyscrapers, strong and individualistic, are well geared to Chicago; they seem to belong—to act as noncomforming trademarks. Neither follows the usual shiny glass and stainless steel routine. They hark back to a kind of lofty medieval permanence, recalling the spirit of Louis Sullivan.

A brief drive along the lake uncovers bewildering architectural overlays. The Lake Tower Apartment building, a romantic curvilinear sheath of glass, unfurls itself, while nearby the blunt, black Hancock tower contrasts with the elegance of Mies van der Rohe's apartment houses. In Chicago, it is impossible to forget the past, for works of earlier pioneers are still very much in evidence. Sullivan, Wright, Root, and Burnham. Who can forget these men, particularly Daniel Burnham whose farsighted lakefront plan decisively shaped the city's future?

That his brilliant design protecting Chicago's greatest asset has at times been forgotten is a tragedy. Take, for example, McCormick Place, a monstrous commercial exhibition complex that mercifully burnt down a year or two ago, but that today is, alas, being resurrected in larger dimensions on the same site. To compound the error, this sweeping expanse of lakefront that rightfully belongs to the people is further decimated by a labyrinth of elevated intersecting highways. Fortunately, Lake Michigan still defines much of Chicago's front yard, a front yard which, we can only hope, will be jealously guarded in the future.

If, at times, the city is flagrantly ugly, it is never boring. Even in abject degradation it lives as a personality and not as "a typical American" specimen. None other can touch its drama, its hard reality. Forgetting the past for a moment, forgetting Sullivan's Auditorium and his Carson Pirie Scott, forgetting Burnham and Root's Monadnock Building, forgetting Wright's Robie House which hugs Woodlawn Avenue like a proverbial prairie schooner and which now appropriately hosts the Adlai Stevenson Institute of International Affairs, forgetting these historic monuments and many others, still the city offers superb contemporary counterparts. Chicago's architectural image marches on undiminished. Two of the finest recent buildings are Mies's flawless Crown Hall at Illinois Institute of Technology and Eero Saarinen's Law Library at the University of Chicago. Both have a structural purity that guarantees them niches in the city's distinguished architectural pantheon.

Moreover, the beautiful court connecting Saarinen's law complex is graced by the least publicized but, to my mind, best outdoor sculpture in the city—Antoine Pevsner's bronze *Construction in Space in the Third and Fourth Dimension* (see *SR*, July 25, 1964). For me, this piece is superior to (and by the way far less costly than) Henry Moore's

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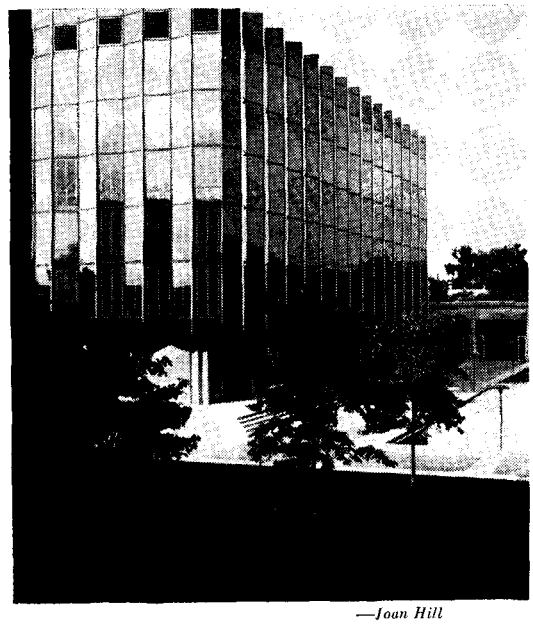
The Auditorium—"In Chicago, it is impossible to forget the past . . ."

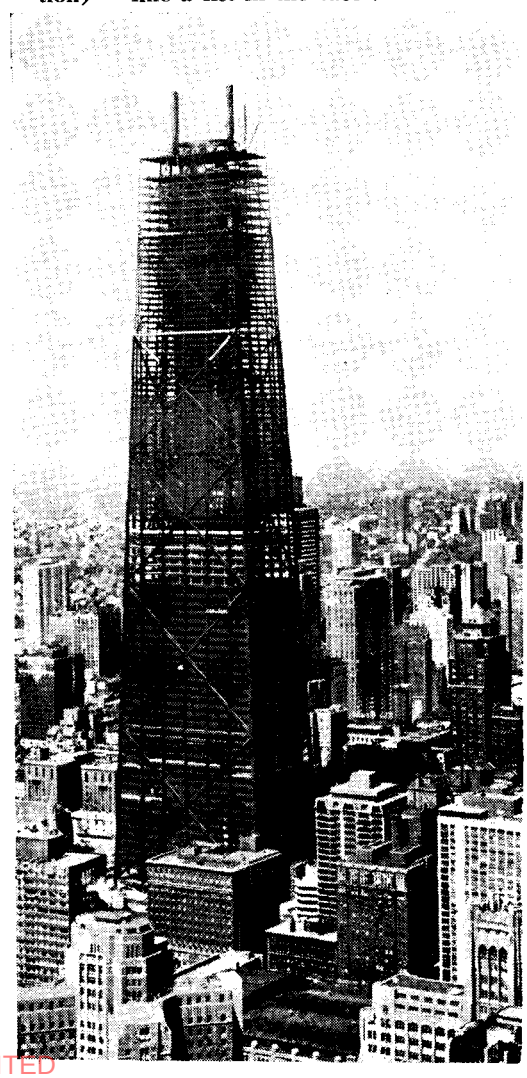


—*Joan Hill*

The University of Chicago's Law Library —distinguished by "structural purity."

First National Bank of Chicago (in construction)—"harks back to a kind of lofty medieval permanence, recalling the spirit of Louis Sullivan."

John Hancock Center (in construction)—"like a fist in the face . . ."



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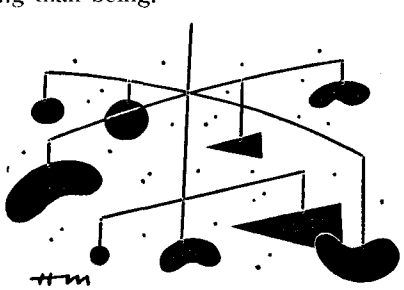
nearby monument celebrating the first atomic reaction. Somehow, despite insistent symbolism, the Moore never rises completely above its hunk of metal. The Pevsner, however, becomes a poetic projection of illusionary space.

It is hard to understand how the University of Chicago could with one hand commission the Saarinen buildings and with the other the nearby Center for Continuing Education designed by Edward Durrell Stone. This spindly expanse of decoration calls up all the worst features of American motel architecture and for sheer emptiness can only be rivaled locally by the Art Institute's new annexes, two banalities that defile Michigan Avenue and set us to wondering whether art museums have anything to do with art.

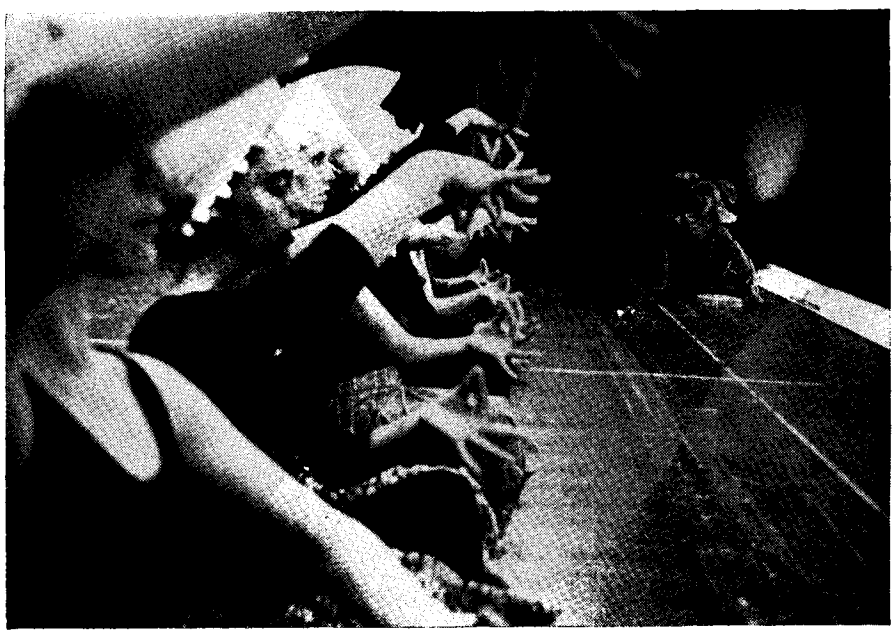
Perhaps even worse but considerably more interesting is the Chicago Circle Campus of the University of Illinois. Here the only human experience is an original Hull House building snuggled between a forest of ostentatious "edifices" (a dreadful word, but relevant in this case). Burdened with applied decoration, the architecture is as theatrical as the Chicago *Tribune*'s phony Gothic façade on Michigan Avenue. The Illinois campus seems closer to *Dr. Caligari's Cabinet* than to a modern institution of learning. Its "ins and outs" and "ups and downs" verge on the metaphysical. One escapes from this mazelike confusion ready for a rest home. But, as with so much of Chicago's exterior, the bad is bad enough to be stimulating. Very little that one sees is anomalous.

Grimy elevated stations act as foils for a glittering newness that surrounds the old but oddly never obliterates it. Perhaps it is this very quality—the small holding its own with the big, the drab with the gay, the past with the present, the lake with the slums, the subtle with the brutal, the knowing with the naïve—these constantly exaggerated affirmations and denials make Chicago Chicago. To examine its vagaries is to realize the city cannot be tabulated. For, as it grows, it forges new patterns. One sees Manhattan as a relatively cohesive unit; one sees Chicago as an experiment in the making. Energized by kinetic activity, its form is daily reshaped by the dynamic power that propels it. Here, final achievement is involved more with process than completion, more with doing than being.



World of Dance

Walter Terry



—*Helen Miljakovich.*

A Yemenite dance class at UCLA taught by Margalit Oved of Inbal—"your hands . . . they can be leaves of beauty."

Big Campus Doings

Los Angeles.

Her hair is white—silvery—and her body is trim, as you would expect of a former dancer. Her smile is sweet but her eyes are steely. Although her voice is soft, exquisitely modulated, you have a feeling that the woman herself is inexorable. She is. She has accomplished much in dance and has a double secret: without hesitation, she looks to the future of American dance potential and not backward upon her own dance achievements; and faced with college students in this angry age in which we live, she does not *demand*. She is in total *command* when she offers a multiplicity of viewpoints for consideration and then says to her alert charges, "What do *you* think?"

The white-haired, soft-spoken, inexorable lady is Alma Hawkins, chairman of the dance department of the University of California, Los Angeles, the biggest collegiate dance department in the world (WORLD OF DANCE, Sept. 23, 1967). Dr. Hawkins made it what it is today. And she's only begun. She doesn't, however, want it to get bigger with respect to enrollment, but rather to develop in quality and to expand its dance services.

"Individual teachers have complete freedom of approach," she says, "but each must be aware of the total concept we have of related dance. We don't give ballet just as an 'extra,' but as a part of the total dance experience of the body. Thus our ballet teachers, while giving ballet technique, relate it to what pupils will get in, say, kinesiology or modern dance. The ballet teacher, then, will refer to weight transferences or motor centers, and the moderns will make use of, say, *plié*, *passé*, spotting on turns, and so forth."

In addition to various courses in modern dance, classes in ballet, and studies in kinesiology—"We teach functional kinesiology," says Dr. Hawkins, "not just the names of muscles"—the students participate in the dances of many cultures. In a Yugoslav dance class, I watched a boy from Bali not only learning the *kolo* but also understanding the caller's words which were in Slavic. He told me he found this *kolo* movement difficult at first because it was so expansive and in such contrast to the gestural dances he teaches at home.

The Mexican who taught his country's dances to UCLA students started his class with body warm-ups and went from there to foot exercises to make for clear stamps and speed for the *zapateado* which was to come. The Yemenite dance class was taught by Margalit Oved, whom dance fans remember as the beautiful principal dancer of Inbal, the Yemenite dance group from Israel. Miss Oved (now Mrs. Marshall) looked upon her charges—there were blondes, brunettes, redheads; faces were Nordic, Irish, Semitic, and pleasantly mixed in

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the usual American way. She passed out drums. "Treat them as valuable instruments," she said. "We have no pianos in the desert." With burning intensity, she began to teach these young Americans. She gave them rhythms, movements, gestures, but, most important, she gave them images. "Your eyes must look to the end—no, to the endlessness—of the desert. Hold the back as if you were riding a camel. Make your eyes speak. Dance with your face. Think of your hands. They were work hands. They labored. They carried water from the well. But they can also be leaves of beauty.

"Now sing with me. These are songs in Arabic. In Yemen, we Jews would meet with the Arab women at the well. We'd gossip and sing songs of earthly love. Our men, of course, would go to synagogues and mosques for holy songs."

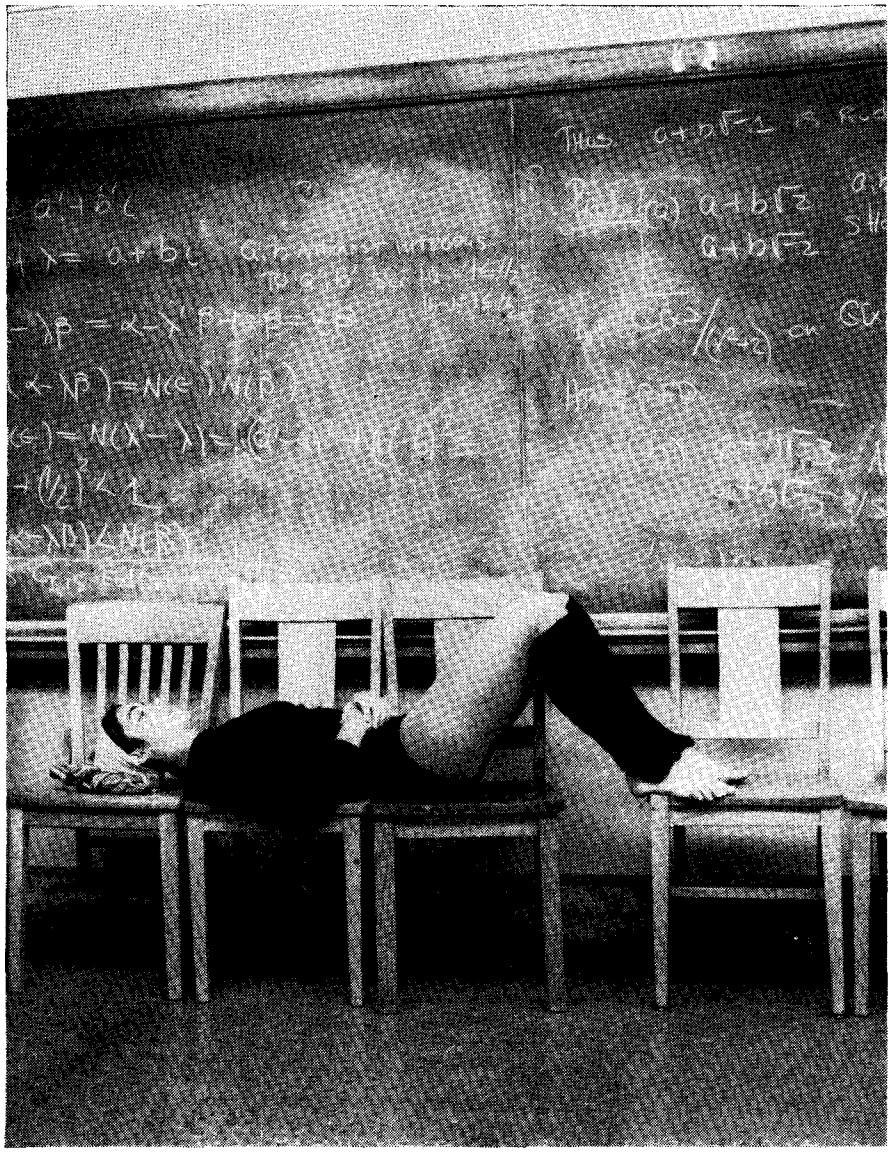
Dr. Hawkins herself teaches a course in the philosophy of dance, thus relating the act of dancing, as the students experience it in the classrooms, to human needs in various cultures, in various eras, in various environments. In turn, she expects her ethnic dance teachers to give the lore, the philosophies of their special dance origins. "Steps are not nearly enough," she says. "We want to know the *why* of movements, then *what* we dance will have meaning and purpose." She is wholly sympathetic to today's dance experiments—all of them—including the so-called non-dance choreographies. "I can't say that I like it for myself," she admits, "but what I try to do is to relate these experiments and revolts of the youngsters to eternal disciplines."

In addition to the impressive and comprehensive array of dance courses (and related subjects) given for both the undergraduates and the graduate students – there are fifty graduate students in dance with interests ranging from choreography, teaching, and history to ethnology and dance therapy—UCLA's project is to extend its dance services beyond the campus and into the community. Already under way is a cooperative working relationship with Culver City schools. Classes, conducted by graduate students in the dance department, have been started in three elementary schools. The plan, ultimately, is to develop a "model program of dance" for grades one through twelve. Already there is a full-time dance teacher at one junior high school and a dance program at a senior high school.

Another important program envisioned by Dr. Hawkins is also an extension of UCLA's dance services: "We want to relate our own ethnic dance program to the ethnic groups in the community itself, with particular focus on the Mexican-American, the Oriental, the Negro, and the American Indian."

The wealth of courses and the community services by no means indicates that the art of dance, theater dance, professional dance performing are of minor importance. In addition to the UCLA "Art of the Dance" series, involving troupes of international fame, individual artists of renown—Mia Slavenska, Balasaraswati, Valerie Bettis, Jean Erdman, Carmen DeLavallade, Gus Solomons, Jr., among them—have come to teach or to choreograph or both at UCLA. This March, the UCLA Dance Company will give a series of concerts, and there will also be ethnic dance events, five concerts by Master of Arts graduates in choreography, and a dance and opera workshop production (in May) of Rameau's *Les Indes Galantes*.

Alma Hawkins, of course, has no intention of stopping there with UCLA's college dance troupe. She is positive that the West Coast—Southern California in particular – is ripe for a professional dance company of national stature. She points to the fact that Isadora Duncan was born in California (San Francisco), that Denishawn was founded in Los Angeles, and that Ruth St. Denis spent the last decades of her active life in L.A. Dr. Hawkins wants a professional dance company with a home in Southern California. She also wants it on campus at UCLA. She feels strongly that a university campus, with all its facilities for study, rehearsing, workshop experiments in choreography and performing, is destined to be the coming center for American dance companies – the many "in-residencies" on campuses by major American dance artists attest to the validity of this trend. "I want a professional dance company right here at UCLA, but we're going to need big grants from the foundations to make it a reality. I'm asking for money right now." Can you imagine Alma Hawkins's *not* getting what she is determined to have for dance at UCLA? I can't.



—*Marcia Roltner.*

A student member of the UCLA Dance Company takes a rehearsal break in a convenient college classroom.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

C. M. Giulini and A. B. Michelangeli in Behalf of W. A. Mozart

NEITHER all-Mozart programs nor concerts in which an Italian conductor performs in company with an Italian pianist are unknown in New York, though hardly everyday occurrences. Put them together, as they were on the evening when Carlo Maria Giulini made his debut as conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra with Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli as his soloist in the D-minor Piano Concerto of Mozart, and it could well be the start of something big—like an *affaire de coeur* of conductor and orchestra.

It was, in every respect, an interesting occasion, for Giulini is no "type" of today's conducting cadre, but a gifted, deeply involved man of music whose means of expression happen to be conducting an orchestra (he began life as a violist). He does little, if anything, for the audience. All his energies are directed toward evoking the kind of musical expression he craves from the men around him. It goes so far, indeed, as to invade his most characteristic kind of hand signal—an outstretched left arm dipping deep into the space between conductor and players, the fist clenching spasmodically now and then as if to draw physically, from the bows and the breath of his associates, that indispensable vibrance.

The interests proliferated with the kinds of results that emerged as the evening progressed. As the first great internationalist among composers, who profited enormously from his childhood and youthful travels to virtually all the capitals where music was made and enjoyed in the eighteenth century, Mozart's musical character was vastly enriched by his Italian experiences. However, Giulini did not search out any explicit examples of such coloration: He made a program of the D-major Divertimento (K.251), the D-minor Concerto, the Masonic Funeral Music, and the G-minor Symphony, and let happen what would.

This was one of the evening's special interests—to observe the gradual unfolding of sympathies, the melting of the real if invisible barriers that must prevail in any first public collaboration of conductor and orchestra, on the way to the fusion into a single impulse (if that happy outcome is fated to happen). The performance of the Divertimento (by about thirty players) was clean-cut, elegant (as Giulini's music-making always is), a credit to his high standards and objectives. But it was also somewhat segmented in a way that said: "Here is structure — now comes melody — now structure," etc. A Salzburgian creation of Mozart's twentieth year, it didn't embody enough of the Italianate Mozart to put it in Giulini's main area of impulse. (He omitted the second "Minuetto" and the "Marcia alla francese" finale.)

A different direction began to assert itself early in the D-minor Concerto, performed with fastidious artistry and superior insight by the orchestra as well as the invincibly facile Michelangeli. It was, in no small part, related to Giulini's gravitation to another kind of Mozart, taking in the soul state that Cole Porter mused on in "how strange the change, from major to minor." From the Concerto on, the works were the minor-major Mozart, embracing not only the Symphony No. 40, a major work in a minor (G) key, but also the Masonic Funeral Music, in C minor.

Out of them emerged the seething, sometimes overly controlled but always present-under-the-surface darker, deeper, more intense Mozart. Into it, the probing hand of Giulini dipped deeper and deeper to reach as far as he could into that undercurrent of feeling. It was, in all probability, not so much an act of intention as an expression of innate affinity. The probability is that this minor-surging Mozart has a particular appeal to the brooding, passionate nature of Italians, whose current musical exemplification —and a very good one —is C. M. Giulini.

Michelangeli had a great, and deserved, success with the audience, which responded to the sparkle, brilliance, and, withal, penetration of his playing as audiences inevitably will to sparkle, brilliance, and penetration. It was, in a way, the Southern view of Mozart (somewhat akin to Iturbi's), in which many intense things happened, not always with quite the relationship that the more thoroughgoing German (or Austrian) mind searches out and delights in conveying. This is meant in no sense as a disparagement, but merely to grant Michelangeli his area of cultivation, while reserving to others—such as Lili Kraus—theirs. I suppose the only thing they would have in common would be a preference for the Beethoven cadenzas. The evening attained a high pitch of fervor *and* finesse in the strongly charged performance of the G-minor Symphony.

To the surprise of some and the great pleasure of others, Alicia de Larrocha played an almost all *non*-Spanish program at her recent recital in Carnegie Hall. The "almost" respected the inclusion of two sonatas by Antonio Soler, whose example (and benefits) to Domenico Scarlatti caused him to be nearly but not quite forgotten by the world. The works in D minor and F served Miss de Larrocha as a means of adjusting herself, tactilely as well as strategically, to the instrument of the evening, and bringing into focus all her capacities for crispness, fine pointing, and sharp honing.

She was away, then, to her stated sequence of Schumann, Chopin, and Ravel with a welcome hearing of the first-named's infrequently performed Humoreske. The choice proclaimed Miss de Larrocha's independence of preference as well as soundness of judgment, for it is—like the much heard Fantasia in C—an experience in richness of thinking and with a multiplicity of tempo changes separating the large canvas into many smaller vignettes. Miss de Larrocha achieved the sizable feat of doing justice to both, sustaining interest throughout, while giving each smaller episode its full measure of interest and importance. If there was a recurrent shortcoming, it was the broken chord formations here and there, possibly because they are more sizable than could be encompassed in her smallish hands. But it was artistry of the first order, and musical communication both direct and affecting. Following the Barcarolle, two mazurkas, and the A-flat Ballade of Chopin, she performed Ravel's *Gaspard de la Nuit*. There were some empty seats, but much enthusiasm.

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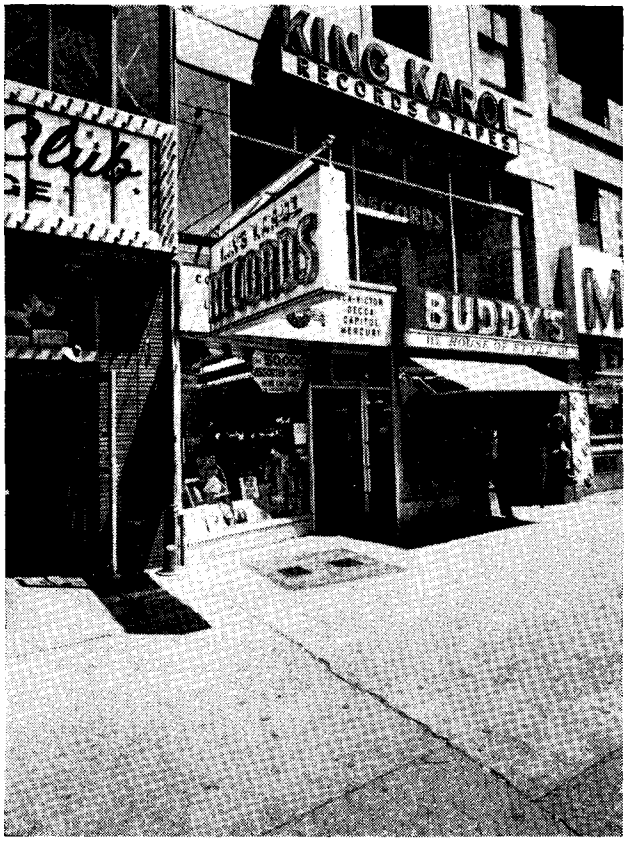

King Karol West on 42nd Street.

King Karol East on Third Avenue.

—*Photos by E. Fred Sher.*

"Where the Schwann Catalog is a reality and the record-buyer is king."

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TWO FOR THE RECORD

By IRVING KOLODIN

THE sign over the doorway between the Frolic Club, to the left on West 42nd Street, and Buddy's House of Style, on the right, doesn't read THROUGH THIS DOOR PASS THE MOST DISCRIMINATING RECORD-BUYERS IN THE WORLD, but it very well might. Through it, in the past decade and a half, have passed thousands of record-buyers of all descriptions – from discophiles to yippies and hippies—with, mostly, a single motivation. That is, to find something they haven't been able to find closer to home, wherever that is in the New York area.

That they have, more often than not, is the clue to the success of King Karol West, truly a shop for the record. The extent to which they have is verified not merely by the return business that characterizes the satisfied customer, but by the recent opening, on the glossier as well as glassier East Side, of a new King Karol. Thus there are, as of the end of 1968, two for the record – and who knows how many more in the future?

Within a stone's throw of the art cinemas clustered around 59th Street and Third Avenue and the new high-rise Franklin Delano Roosevelt Post Office at 55th Street, King Karol East is everything (decoratively) that the old, original King Karol West is not. Despite the replacement of the rough-cut browsers (trade name for the open bins in which a record addict can examine what's available, and often find things he didn't know existed) by high-style custom-made jobs, and barren fluorescent tubes by indirect lighting, the basic philosophy remains the same—King Karol is one of a handful of shops in the country where the Schwann Catalog is a reality and the record-buyer is king.

This may or may not relate to the King (Phil) in the firm title, but it is definitely vouched for by the Karol (Ben). With a decade and a half of experience behind him, Ben Karol candidly admits that the business in which he is a partner backed into its current status. Even the location which contributed to its original success was ac-

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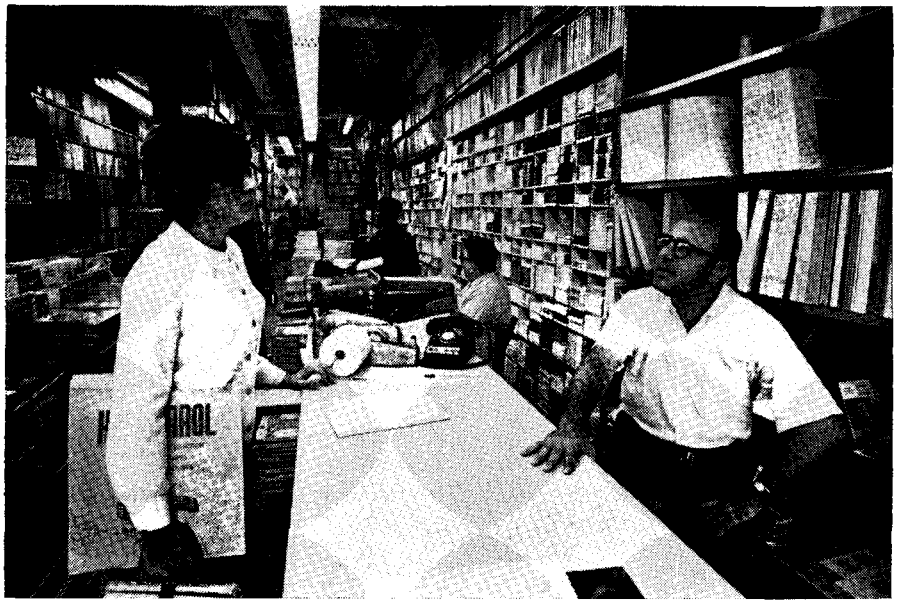
cidental. "I knew this fellow George A. Bowman, who was in the rental business," he said, recounting the start of the enterprise in 1951. "See, there he is over there," he remarked, pointing to an upstairs office diagonally across the street, at the Sixth Avenue corner of 42nd Street. "When I told him what I was looking for, he said he knew of this haberdasher across the street who might sell his lease." That's how the shop between the Frolic Club and Buddy's House of Style became King Karol I.

Speaking of developments in the years since, Ben Karol acknowledges: "We're big, yes. But we're still small enough so that we can get excited when a customer comes in and asks for something we *haven't* got. We'll turn the town upside down, telephone every source we can think of, go to whatever lengths are necessary to produce that one record. When the guy who wants it has gotten hold of something he couldn't get anyplace else —well, we figure he's a customer."

This dissection by the lean, far from soft-spoken, but intensely affable Karol of how the business functions will impress record-buyers far and wide. Whereas the record-dealers to whom they are accustomed become excited when they *can* produce something, KK (as it is familiarly known) becomes excited when it can't. Even when Karol is absent—an inevitability in a business that functions fourteen hours a day, seven days a week—the score of salesmen under the supervision of manager Dave Menton carry on with the zeal of the leader, and a similar zest for results. When I asked one (of Spanish extraction) lately for a Heifetz recording, which he couldn't find, he was abject. "That Beeth-HOVEN," he said, "it is always here. I am sick it is not here."

HOW King Karol evolved was indicated by Ben Karol's allusion to "RCA LM 6042," thus giving a clue to the kind of computerized memory without which a record man is no record man. That was Victor's code symbol for the Beecham recording of *La Bohème* with Bjoerling, de los Angeles, Tozzi, etc. When the rights reverted, by contract, to EMI, RCA's New York distributor had some stock on hand. He called King Karol and inquired, "How many do you want?" Ben Karol's story is that he said, "How many have you got?" When he heard the supply was 150 sets, he said, "We'll take them all." In explanation he observed: "It had been a good seller. I figured that when it couldn't be gotten anyplace else, we'd make 150 satisfied customers."

Any record collector with fifty sets knows how much space they require. Multiply that by three and you have the space for the 150 Beecham *Bohèmes*. Multiply one issue by a couple of thousand, and the beginning of being King Karol begins to emerge. That is how, and why, KK backed into its present status.



The "one stop" on 42nd Street presided over by Stanley Gruber (right) —"KK [buys] at least one of every record known to exist. . . ."

Given the problem, the answer that emerged was to fight the adversary—a vaster inventory than any retail merchant could manipulate—on two fronts rather than one. As well as holding stock for the casual retail buyer, KK became that haven for other retail sellers known as a "one stop"—that is, a central repository of labels and recordings, where other dealers on Manhattan island, or Brooklyn, the Bronx, or Staten Island, in need of a dozen items from a dozen different companies would have a reasonable chance of finding EVERYTHING in—as the name proclaims—"one stop."

When I first discovered this haven of goodies (not to be confused with the other havens associated with the name of Sam Goody), both the retail trade and the "one stop" were reached by the same door between the Frolic Club and Buddy's House of Style. Descending into the catacombs and eyeing the rows on rows of discs was as close as the average record-buyer could ever come to Fort Knox. Eventually, convenience as well as commercial urgencies decreed a division of functions. King Karol West, and its active retail stock, now occupies not only the store floor and basement—for pop, rock, party, and whatever—but a spacious second level for a vast array of classical records, a big layout of tapes, etc. The "one stop" has been relocated further to the west (adjacent to the West Side Airlines Terminal). From the rich, if commercial, soil represented by the two, has emerged the orchid of the King Karol bouquet, its flossier as well as glossier and glassier twin to the East.

Quizzed on the relationship of one operation to the other, Ben Karol estimated that the "one stop" accounted for approximately 40 per cent of the firm's annual gross. More pertinent (if unrelated to profit, which was outside the realm of present inquiry) was his answer to the next question: "To what extent does the 'one stop' contribute to the ability of King Karol to service its clientele?" The answer was: "Completely. It couldn't be done otherwise."

Reduced to essentials, it came down to the matter of turnover. "The basic philosophy of record merchandising," said Ben Karol in a philosophic mood on a recent Saturday morning, "is to have a quick turnover. Any record that stays on the shelf more than six months is dead merchandise, something to get rid of. Well, we somehow didn't look at it that way. We figured that if a buyer could find something in our place he couldn't find someplace else, he'd come back again." The accessory stock made possible by the "one stop" operation spread out the total area of coverage, but one had to have the idea of coverage to begin with. KK has the firm rule of buying at least one of every record known to exist, no matter how obscure the label or improbable its sales potential.

Returning to the theme of Goody and goodies, Karol stated (and, it seemed to me, persuasively): "It's a big operation and it's good. When the store in Philadelphia was managed by Al Franklin, who took the same pride in satisfying a customer that we do, the operation was very much like ours. Otherwise, it's very broad, but not so deep. I'd say if you take a Schwann Catalog and put a pin hole at random beside 200 items, we'd have close to 90 per cent. I don't think Goody's here in New York, or most other shops, could come close to that figure."

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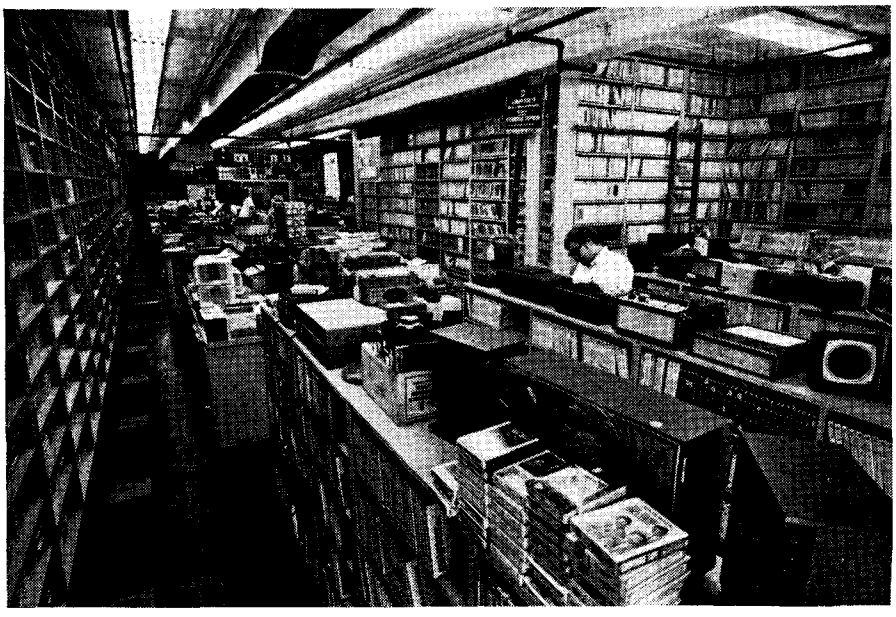

The "spacious second level for a vast array of classical records, a big layout of tapes, etc." at King Karol West.

Quizzed on the size of inventory (in different items) it might have, Karol cross-quizzed: "What does Schwann estimate he has in his catalogue—60,000 items? We have about double that, if you take in cutouts."

Pivotal to the whole discussion was one fundamental point: whether a record-buyer was entitled to buy someplace, somehow, the particular something he wanted, or whether he should settle for getting, at an advantageous price, another, less particular something he was not primarily interested in buying. The discount houses, supermarket "racks," and mail-order facilities tempt the price-conscious by offering the most they can get for their money, whether it is exactly what they want or not. For those who value freedom of choice, King Karol—and that handful of others around the country—remain places to cherish as well as to patronize.

AT the same time, there need be no pretense that merely satisfying the customer in search of a Vox cutout or a pachuco tango disc on the Caravelle label (from Argentina) is the key to solvency in today's record market. Right now, the really meaningful income comes from the insatiable appetites of innumerable customers for any odd-ball, one-of-a-kind reproduction of no matter how obscure a combo or rock group. "It's incredible," says Ben Karol in wonderment at the public power of consumption, "you can take any gang of kids off a street corner and cut a record, and somebody will buy it."

The bins and browsers of both King Karols, East and West, offer the evidence. Well known names are preceded and followed by innumerable others of no identity whatsoever. Where the favor is so wide, it stands to unreason that it may also contract violently. When a well known, if unseated, Congressman made a record with every prospect of being a commercial bonanza, the piles of platters—after the initial novelty interest was exhausted—did not melt like snow under unseasonable heat. And, along with coups of successful merchandising, Ben Karol regards ruefully 1,000 or more copies of Vaughn Meader's *First Family*, in the shop's catacombs, which can hardly be given away.

NONE of this is intended only to constitute a paean of praise to King and to Karol, entitled to it though they may be. Rather, it is intended to beam a light on the ways and means by which comparable service to the avid record-buyer could be maintained elsewhere around the country. Obviously, it is not possible for many individuals to maintain anything like KK's million-dollar inventory, but the accomplishment itself could be paralleled, given suitable circumstances.

Inherent in those circumstances would be a solution of the knotty problem of distribution, that obstacle to the flow of what's in being to those who exist someplace with the funds and the interest to buy it. In the interests of the record business as a whole, perhaps it is time that the most interested parties of all—those who produce the records—should look to means of creating the equivalents of King Karols where such individual economic enterprise does not exist. I am not sufficiently versed in the nationwide market to suggest where such "equivalents" are urgently required, but the marketing experts doubtless know them all by heart. They should also take to heart the example of such a service as the Consolidated Ticket Office in New York, where rail travel to almost any point in the country can be arranged without regard to the company involved. This suggests that there can be a way, if there is a will.

As for the King Karols, East and West, they are two for the record, regardless of type, maker, content, or—largely speaking—age. The staff of sellers who, among them, speak almost every necessary language, are each devotees of the premise that "if it's flat, round, and exists, we've got it—or can get it." While such enthusiasm pervades its personnel, it will retain the laurels it has reaped through enterprise and perseverance.

It is worth mentioning that for all the thousands, even tens of thousands, of records (and tapes) it offers for sale, neither King Karol offers listening facilities. This contention may be reputed by habitués who have spotted, on the second level of King Karol West (as reproduced in the accompanying photo), a variety of tape reproducers and recorders. But then Karol denies they are present for any functional purposes. "They are the remaining evidences of one of our worst merchandising ideas—that we could compete with the specialists in selling items like tape recorders. We bombed."

THE reason, actually, is not musical, but acoustical. "Can you imagine," says Ben Karol, "twenty-five people listening to twenty-five different selections?" The more pertinent presumption is that any determined seeker for a particular record knows enough about it, when it is finally delivered to his eager hand, not to want to put it to a public listening test. He wants to take it home and ENJOY it.

The author and the subject (Ben Karol, right) sample the contents of a browser at King Karol East.

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Tea and Symphony

By OLIVER DANIEL

AFTERNOON tea is one of the attractive and enduring traditions of Great Britain. It is a ritualistic pleasure at best and a plain bland bit of warm water at least. Six British composers, all relatively unknown here, are brought to us on two platters, with all the pleasant propriety of a plate of crumpets. (Pye stereo, TPLS 13005.) The first three composers, John McCabe, Kenneth Leighton, and Adrian Cruft, are all English-born and, like many of their countrymen, share an abiding respect for tradition, and have written works of fine craftsmanship and musicality with a pervasive and heady flavor of the past. With so much attention being given to the avant-garde, it is rather refreshing to hear music that is of our time created with so little regard for the current musical *haut monde*.

John McCabe, who was born in Liverpool in 1939, composed his symphony (*Elegy*) in 1965 for Sir John Barbirolli, a conductor whose musical interests are notoriously conservative. McCabe's style is not archaic, it is simply, pleasantly old-fashioned. Using very restricted means, he has based his three-movement symphony on a melodic-harmonic preoccupation with the tritone, an interval from C to F sharp and variously related tones. Metrically, too, he keeps to simple fundamentals. The elegiac "Prelude," with which the work begins, is dominated by an insistent 4/4 rhythm; the "Dance," which follows largely in 5/4 time, has an interesting jazzy propulsion rather like the *Quintuple Jazz* of Wallingford Riegger without the latter's pungency; the concluding "Elegy," despite its small melodic compass, is enriched by tone cluster punctuations that keep the diatonic simplicity richly flavored. One feels that McCabe is thumbing his nose elegantly at his dodecaphonically oriented colleagues. The symphony builds in *passacaglia* fashion to a rich sonorous climax and then gradually to a thinning dissolution that sounds faintly cinematic. But for all its past-bound conventionality, it is a fresh and welcome work.

Kenneth Leighton, a decade older than McCabe, is more sophisticated technically. His Concerto for String Orchestra opens with a modified twelve-tone theme which then loses itself in more regular chromatic and diatonic meandering. Leighton's string writing exhibits a canny expertise. He has given the touching canonic opening a particular poignancy and, as the movement progresses, achieves considerable tension, as well as a fine lyric contour. His fast middle movement is incisive and bright, even though it is quite predictable and about as modern as a scherzo by Arthur Foote. The conclusion is unfortunately labored with an occasional bow toward Shostakovich. And of that sort of thing we have had plenty.

Adrian Cruft was born in London in 1921 and is both a double-bass virtuoso and conductor, as well as being a respected composer. He studied with Edmund Rubbra and has some stylistic similarities. While not being particularly individual, his Divertimento is nonetheless a warm and winning piece for strings which follows a conventional three-movement pattern: *Moderato, ma con brio; Cantilena* and *Andante con moto; Allegro, ma comodo*. Written in 1963, it could easily have been composed a few decades earlier. All are sympathetically recorded by John Snashall with the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

THREE other British or, pardon me, Scottish composers have been recorded by the Scottish National Orchestra conducted by Duncan Robertson. They are Robin Orr, Thea Musgrave, and Iain Hamilton (Odeon, ASD 2279). While their Scottishness seems to be due more to a matter of geographical accident than to any national esthetic, their products are more like scones and haggis than the more polite works of their English colleagues.

Robin Orr's Symphony in One Movement has a kind of Nordic ruggedness about it that reminds one of Sibelius. It is a taut, somewhat angular piece on which Orr labored for years and it emerges with the marks of toil indelibly stamped upon it. It began its life as incidental music for a Cambridge University production of Sophocles's *Oedipus at Colonus* in 1950, and ten years later it was chosen as the basis of the symphony on which Orr worked for another three years. It is a pleasant work that has many admirable features, none of which, however, is really first-rate.

Thea Musgrave is a more advanced composer and relates herself to the present international school. Despite obvious compositional skill, particularly in the somewhat craggy orchestral accompaniment of her Triptych, she seems to possess little real individuality. Her setting of Chaucer's *Merciles Beaute* does improve with rehearing, but its lyrical quality is marred by studied rhetoric. She does avoid the awkward intervalic leaps that make so much similar vocal music sound like so many melodic hee-haws for Bottom, and for that one is thankful.

Withal, her work is not particularly winning, and it somehow calls to mind some lines by an earlier American music critic who commented on Scottish music:

> The pleasure artists feel in hearing much . . . composed in the modern taste is not the natural pleasure arising from melody . . . those who are unpracticed in music have little or no pleasure in hearing it. I have sometimes at a concert . . . placed myself so as to see their faces, and observed no signs of pleasure in them during the performance of a great part that was admired by the performers themselves, while a plain old Scotch tune, which they disdained, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to play, gave manifest and general delight.

The critic was Ben Franklin, writing in London in 1765. Miss Musgrave will hardly give the Beatles competition.

Iain Hamilton is unquestionably the most skillful of the lot. His Sinfonia for Two Orchestras was commissioned to mark the 200th anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns. "There is nothing aggressively Scottish about my piece," Hamilton explains. "There are no national tunes, no evocation of the Scottish scene in any way, there are no settings of Burns's poems . . . any such influences would be narrowing and unworthy of the occasion, for, much as I am proud of my wholly Scottish descent, I am very anti-nationalistic indeed." Although Hamilton had previously written sets of rather light Scottish Dances, he informed the two bodies which commissioned this work that he intended his Sinfonia to be quite uncompromising. And that it is.

The work is a masterpiece of formal construction. It contains eleven symmetrically constructed sections with the first four matching the last four in reverse order. The three middle sections bind them together. By using the divided orchestra, he does not aim at an antiphonal effect, but rather uses each to separate his orchestral colors. Anyone who knows Iain Hamilton is aware of his verbal fluency. He can babble away, spewing out everything from banalities to profundities with the crackle of popping corn. His fluency, wit, urbanity, and somewhat elegant feeling for style are all carried over into his music. His style, that of the post-Webern variety, is not worn slavishly. He is both declamatory and vital, and also meticulous in his attention to detail. His work is provocative and important. The tea is over with his symphony.

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The Other Side

Thomas Heinitz

Toward a Greater Covent Garden

LONDON.

ALTHOUGH its post-*Ring* autumn season has so far been uneventful to the point of drabness, Covent Garden is currently very much "in the news." Not just the famed opera house, but the entire precinct, for Covent Garden—a corruption of "Convent Garden"—is the name by which we know a small but important area of Central London containing a number of other theaters, a beautiful square, Bow Street Police Station (students of history may recall that the forerunners of London's "Bobbies" were known as the "Bow Street Runners"), and the huge fruit and vegetable market serving the entire metropolitan area.

This market, whose overripe odors permeate the entire district, is to be moved to a new site, south of the river, in the early Seventies, and the Greater London Council has just published plans for redeveloping the whole precinct into a residential and cultural area. This includes provision for a desperately needed enlargement of the opera house, which, though boasting a splendid auditorium, is in every other respect pathetically ill-equipped to serve the needs of two major, permanent companies—no rehearsal stage, no area to store scenery, miserable dressing-room accommodations, and so forth. All this is to be put right if present plans come to fruition and requisite funds are made available (and one knows from bitter experience that it needs only another economic crisis to put our hopes in jeopardy). The day may not be too distant when we can drive up to our refurbished and thrice-Royal Opera House without risking collision with a barrow piled high with crates of imported apples.

What do I mean by "thrice-Royal"? Simply that, to mark the coming-of-age of the resident opera company (launched in the autumn of 1947), the Queen has conferred upon it the title of Royal Opera. The theater has, of course, enjoyed the use of the Royal prefix since 1847 (when it was known as the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden), while the former Sadler's Wells Ballet has in recent years achieved world renown as the Royal Ballet. Few will doubt that the opera company has earned its newfound status, for, under Solti's energetic direction, it has grown into a first-rate ensemble, far less dependent than it once was upon the importation of guest stars for leading roles and justly proud that not a few singers from its own roster are now welcome guests at Bayreuth, Salzburg, Vienna, Milan, Buenos Aires, New York, and San Francisco.

Thanks to the sponsorship of the Friends of Covent Garden (an organization not unlike the Metropolitan Opera Guild), we also have a special record album from Decca to mark the company's twenty-first birthday, an album evidently designed with the dual purpose of recalling certain significant events of the past two decades and of displaying the strength in depth of the present company. Featured on these two discs are no fewer than twenty-five singers and six conductors in excerpts from sixteen operas—three French (though one of these is *La Fille du Régiment*), one Russian, four Italian (Mozart, Verdi, Puccini), four English (Britten, Tippett, Walton), and four German (Beethoven, Strauss, Wagner). There is much here that is admirable, though some performances sound under-rehearsed, and others convey the impression of having been recorded at too early an hour for the singers' comfort. Only Sutherland's contribution—the Donizetti excerpt—was not, apparently, made specially for the occasion, but is taken from Decca's complete *Fille du Régiment* (just about to be issued); the rest is fresh material and includes an impassioned performance of "Dido's Lament" from the last act of *Les Troyens à Carthage* by Josephine Veasey, with Kubelik's presence on the rostrum a reminder of not only his tenure as the company's musical director prior to Solti but also the debt we owe him for introducing us to this opera.

Another somewhat special album just issued by Decca is on a rather larger scale than the Covent Garden anniversary tribute—a tome weighing some 20 pounds and containing no fewer than twenty-two discs: the complete Solti/Culshaw *Ring* cycle. If this appears to have grown since the appearance in installments of its constituent parts (which add up to only nineteen discs), it is because of the inclusion of a 140-minute illustrated lecture by Deryck Cooke entitled "An Introduction to Wagner's *Ring*." Mr. Cooke, well known as a critic, as author of *The Language of Music*, and for his completion of Mahler's Tenth Symphony, does not concern himself here with the drama, but solely with the cycle's musical basis, which he expounds with masterly lucidity, aided by almost 200 illustrations (taken mostly from the complete recording). The lecture occupies five sides; the sixth contains two other compositions with *Ring* associations: the *Siegfried Idyll*, in its original chamber version (a Solti performance previously issued with Bruckner's Seventh Symphony), and *Kinderkatechismus*, a trifle Wagner composed for Cosima's birthday in 1874, which ends by quoting the "Redemption" theme.

Among other recent Decca issues, the most interesting to me by far is a Mozart disc recorded at The Maltings, Snape, by the English Chamber Orchestra under Benjamin Britten. This juxtaposes one of Mozart's greatest symphonies, No. 40 in G minor, with one of his most enchanting lighter pieces, the *Serenata Notturna*, in performances that are far from conventional in several respects. The Symphony takes almost thirty-eight minutes—not, I hasten to point out, because Britten adopts unusually lethargic tempi, but because he observes every single repeat in the score. The movements mainly affected by this are the Andante (sixteen and a half minutes) and the Finale (nine and a half minutes), and the whole character of the Symphony is altered and expanded by this procedure. The phrasing, too, shows many individual touches, and, even if you do not agree with some of Britten's ideas, he does give us an immensely stimulating and indeed challenging view of a familiar masterpiece. The "Serenade," too, has its unusual aspects, for Mozart's *maestoso* marking of the opening movement is here taken very literally, and the sparkling Finale is played with great verve and wit. The new concert hall, opened for last year's Aldeburgh Festival, provides the sound with a most attractive ambience, and another thoughtful touch (suggested by Britten, one would guess) is the unusually long pause between the end of the Symphony and the beginning of the "Serenade," halfway through Side 2.

Maazel continues his Sibelius series with a generally admirable coupling of the Third and Sixth Symphonies, again conducting the Vienna Philharmonic, which leaves only No. 4 (possibly the greatest of the set) to complete the project begun almost five years ago. Another symphonic coupling features the Swedish composer Berwald, who died 100 years ago and whose work has been attracting increased attention of late. Sixten Ehrling conducts the London Symphony in first-rate performances of his Third and Fourth Symphonies (the former, in C, usually known as *Singulière*, the latter in E flat), and these are indeed attractive and individual compositions. Bizet's youthful Symphony in C, though not discovered until the 1930s, is by now quite familiar and has

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Recordings in Review

Sills in Recital

DONIZETTI: *"Ah! tardai troppo," "O luce di quest'anima (Linda di Chamounix); "Ancor non giunse!" "Regnava nel silenzio" (Lucia di Lammermoor); "E Sara in questi orribili momenti," "Vivi, ingrato, a lei d'accanto" (Roberto Devereux); "Ancor non giunse," "Perché non ho del vento" (Rosmonda d'Inghilterra).* BELLINI: *"Eccomi in lieta veste," "Oh! quante volte" (I Capuletti ed i Montecchi); "Care compagne," "Come per me sereno" (La Sonnambula). Beverly Sills, soprano; with Sonja Draksler, mezzo; the Vienna Akademie Chorus and Vienna Volksoper Orchestra conducted by Jussi Jalas.* Westminster stereo, WST 17143, $5.79.

—*Westminster Records.*

Beverly Sills—"a singer of excellent instincts and musicianship."

HAVING just read, in some research induced by her engagement to perform at La Scala, that Miss Sills auditioned five times for her engagement at the New York City Opera before she was accepted on the sixth try, I must conclude that she is the most determined example of human persistence since Patient Grissil. To survive such a series of turndowns (Miss Sills had been singing for years and had toured up and down the country with the Charles Wagner Opera Company) and come on to her present condition of prominence is enough to provide inspiration for a dozen tyros.

As the record testifies, Miss Sills has acquired a thoroughly rare command of the arts and wiles of florid singing, producing results that are often startling in their ease, freedom, and sensitivity. She is also the welcome kind of coloratura who does not make a listener regret a keen awareness of pitch. She is almost unfailingly on it, and the deviations come when she crosses a portion of her range, at a certain stress and with a certain emphasis. A purposeful musician and conscientious student of the texts she sings, Miss Sills blends many qualities into an admirable totality.

Taken as groups, it strikes me that Miss Sills is better suited to the Bellini repertory than to the Donizetti. The earlier composer's way of writing, as exemplified in his writing for Juliet and Amina, caters more to the texture and softer sound of the Sills voice at its best. With Donizetti, there is added an element of drama (and consequent strain) which, to my way of hearing, puts an edge on her tone and leaves it less listenable than it is in Bellini.

It may be that this is a by-product of resistance to the excessive liberties Miss Sills has taken with her *Lucia* embellishments, and the mark against her usually good judgment thus incurred. According to a footnote on the sleeve of the Westminster disc, the "embellishments and cadenzas" were specially written by Roland Gagnon "of the New York City Opera, the Boston Opera" and "a student of Lorna Cooke de Varon at the New England Conservatory of Music." Whatever these credentials are supposed to imply, the result as performed by Miss Sills in "Regnava nel silenzio" suggests diamonds encrusted with rhinestones. They reach a point of absurdity when Donizetti's line disappears and the embellishments are no longer embellishments but *all* that is heard. This, unfortunately, puts Miss Sills in the category of those singers whose ability to do something dulls the judgment of whether it should be done or not. As for the "accommodating" tempi of Jalas, these are a subject in themselves—especially when "*Quando, rapito in estasi*" comes out *lento* to permit Miss Sills to linger on just these (unwanted) embellishments.

For a singer of excellent instincts and musicianship, this suggests that Miss Sills has taken not only to her heart but also to her head some of the things written about her—a rather unsettling diet at best, and a poisonous one at worst.

Ives from the Source

IVES: *Sonata No. 2 (Concord). John Kirkpatrick, piano.* Columbia stereo, MS 7192, $5.79.

UNLIKE some other pioneers whose trail blazing has been rewarded by having others pass them by on the path they opened up, John Kirkpatrick remains in the vanguard of Ives interpreters, though thirty years have passed since he gave this work its first prominent public performance in Town Hall. In those decades he has had the satisfaction of seeing his once singular passion for the piano works of Charles Ives become an accepted fact of contemporary musical life around the world.

Some of his younger contemporaries may manage more muscularly some of the handfuls of keys which Ives deemed essential to his purpose, or produce a greater growl of sonority from the instrument in the work's more agitated passages, but Kirkpatrick remains unsurpassed in the reflective content. As this includes what is to me the most communicative music in the score—especially in the section titled "The Alcotts"—it follows that Kirkpatrick's performance is still the best, as it was when it was the only way of hearing this music (on Columbia ML 4250, issued in 1949).

All sorts of people have had all sorts of say on what makes the music of Ives the unique phenomenon that it is. Surely among its greatest sources of strength is the composer's awareness that, among all his complexities, there was still a place for simplicity. And, amid the intellectualism and literary allusions of a work inspired by transcendentalism and the men of Concord, he remembered that he was addressing a listener. Kirkpatrick is an interpreter in the best sense of converting a complex language into terms that all can understand.

Three-Star Mahler

MAHLER: *"Revelge," "Der Tambourg'sell," "Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht," and "Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt." Dietrich Fischer- Dieskau, baritone; with the London Symphony conducted by George Szell. "Das irdische Leben," "Rheinlegendchen," and "Lob des hohen Verstand." Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; with Szell conducting. "Verlor'ne Müh'," "Der Schildwache Nachtlied," "Lied des Verfolgten im Turm," "Trost im Unglück," and "Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen." Fischer-Dieskau and Schwarzkopf; with Szell conducting.* Angel stereo, S-36547, $5.79.

IN THESE days of conflicting schedules (not to mention contractual obligations and conflicts of interest), occasions on which artists of the quality cited above can be brought together in behalf of such a project as this are increasingly infrequent. Thus the product of such a collaboration automatically commands attention, whatever the character of the subject matter. When the subject matter has the inbuilt interest of Mahler's songs with orchestra, the attention is appreciably intensified.

With all respect for Schwarzkopf and Fischer-Dieskau, the magnetic person-

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ality for me in this trinity is Szell. It is to him that the attention gravitates, from the first decisive impact of "Revelge." The reason for this is simple: while there have been some absorbing accounts of the vocal matter by other performers, Mahler's scoring has not previously—for phonographic purposes—been subject to the scrutiny of such a perceptive eye and inquiring mind as Szell's.

The result is evident in every song. Without exception, Szell has enhanced the meaning and expanded the scope of Mahler's writing by sharpening the accents and refining the color values in the scoring. Each comes to hearing as a miniature drama, especially in those—such as "Verlor'ne Müh'" and "Der Schildwache Nachtlied"—in which the two singers pursue the possibilities of dialogue embodied in the texts. Beyond and above all else, Szell has a healthy, non-psychic attitude toward Mahler's esthetic, refusing to become overcommitted to hidden allusions or possible implications of paranoia. He even admits, ungrudgingly, the possibility of total humor contained in "Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht" and "Lob des hohen Verstand."

As for the singers, they are clearly responsive to Szell's kind of quality standard. It is hardly urgent, at this point, to dilate on the capacities of either Schwarzkopf or Fischer-Dieskau. If the former has less of the old bloom on her sound, she has a patina of eloquence in the use of it that is uniquely her own. Fischer-Dieskau goes somewhat beyond his safe dynamic perimeter in search of a "big sound" for "Revelge," but "Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigt" is delightfully delivered. In sum, a distinguished accomplishment by all, and a rare opportunity for the record-buyer to enjoy a four-star record (Mahler, plus his three stellar interpreters) at a single star price.

The "Rasoumovskys" Plus, from the Guarneri Quartet

BEETHOVEN: *Quartets Nos. 7, 8, 9 (Op. 59), No. 10 (Op. 74), and No. 11 (Op. 95). Guarneri Quartet.* RCA stereo, VCS 6415, $23.19 (four discs).

THE glow of promise that has illuminated the previous releases of the Guarneri Quartet (including those larger ensemble works in which they had the collaboration of Artur Rubinstein) has flared in a sunburst of accomplishment in this latest, and most challenging, task. How long a period of time was required to bring off the accomplishment of the three great quartets which Beethoven dedicated to his Russian patron, Count

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The Degrees of Ogdon

RACHMANINOFF: *Sonatas Nos. 1 and 2. John Ogdon, piano.* RCA stereo, LSC 3024, $5.79.

JUST when it seemed that John Ogdon, on the strength of his playing of the Busoni Concerto and the recent disc of pieces by Carl Nielsen, could be typed as a PSPE—Pianistic Scholar Par Excellence—he comes on strong with Rachmaninoff, who is no part of anybody's scholarly pretentions. Very disconcerting. The conclusion must be, then, that rather than being a PSPE, Ogdon is in all likelihood a member of an even higher order, that of CLPC—Champion of Lost Pianistic Causes.

Or, at least, Champion of Causes that have not yet found themselves. In the present instance, Ogdon repeats his prior, and far from inconsequential, feat of attaining total identity with the music he plays, however much one composer may differ from another. This suggests that he is not exclusively either a PSPE or a CLPC, but, mixed in with elements of both, basically a PC—Pianistic Chameleon. Certainly he has a rare facility for taking on the coloration of the composer with whom he is concerned.

In the instance of the two Rachmaninoff sonatas, the task is doubly difficult, for he is required—especially in the Second—to assume the performing personality of a great interpreter as well as a highly individual composer. His success is not total (assuming that such success is even possible), but he comes close enough to illuminate two things: why the works should be played more often, and why they are *not* played more often.

—*Jacovleff.*

Sergei Rachmaninoff—"The subject matter of Rachmaninoff's music is . . . music itself."

The first is evident in the content itself, which is redolent with the typical flavor, feel, and substance of Rachmaninoff, that essence in resonance which delights and satisfies many, and offends and disturbs others (like some exotic, musk-laden perfume). The second is inherent in the means of expression. Each sonata could—in the sense that Schumann used the term—be called *Concert sans orchestre.* The pianist is called upon to satisfy Rachmaninoff's urge for expression on the same level as it exists in the four concerti and the Paganini Variations, doubled and redoubled by the need to perform as both piano and orchestra. This is no ordinary order of requirement, and Ogdon succeeds impressively well.

THE need which besets some people bent on "explaining" Rachmaninoff (rather than merely accepting or dismissing his music as a personal matter) is apparently a heavy load for Robert Offergeld, who has the annotator's privilege in this issue. Says Mr. Offergeld:

> Hearing these unfamiliar Rachmaninoff works in 1968 is like receiving two bulky and important letters . . . that were mailed fifty years ago. Upon reading them, moreover, we discover them to be written in an idiom and concerned with a subject matter already out of fashion at the time of writing. The subject matter, of course, is moral sentiment treated as landscape. . . .

To me, the subject matter of Rachmaninoff's music is nothing more or less than music itself—his love of it, his need for expression of it, his compulsion to deal with it in every known form, and, perhaps, the difficulty he had in realizing these aspirations. As in the Third Concerto, there is in each of the sonatas a swing from indolence to activity, and back to lassitude, as though the feat of arousing oneself to the act of composition were comparable to moving a mountain.

That, at least, is what Ogdon's performances convey to me, and if that is "moral sentiment treated as landscape," well. . . . The recording is beautifully suited to the subject matter.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Orchestral LPs

Data	Report
Brahms: Serenade in A; *Academic Festival Overture*, Claudio Abbado conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. DGG stereo, 139 371, $5.79.	This is the kind of project which tells more about the conductor than it does about the music which he is performing. It describes the Italian-born winner of a recent Mitropoulos competition as a sound musician, with the ability to shape the sound of an orchestra to his wishes. It also suggests that he is not as well versed in the idiom of Brahms as he might be, for phrases are turned off when they should be linked, angular endings are more prevalent than desirable, and rhythms are administered somewhat mechanically rather than related to the inner pulse and life of the music. Abbado wisely permits such soloists as oboe and horn to shape the music to their own preferences in both works, but the ensemble has to follow his lead, and this is, repeatedly, slightly off the main line of the music.
Carter: Variations for Orchestra. Frederik Prausnitz, conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. Double Concerto. Prausnitz conducting the English Chamber Orchestra: with Paul Jacobs, harpsichord, and Charles Rosen, piano. Columbia stereo, MS 7191, $5.79.	At the risk of confirming such characterizations as "square," "out" (as opposed to "in"), and—worst of all—"conservative," I present the following report on my current status vis-à-vis these works of Carter: visibility weak, comprehension dim, interest falling. I have heard each a fair number of times in the period since their creation (nearly fourteen years in the case of the Variations, verging on eight with the Concerto), but have established no greater rapport with what they contain (assuming this is a reasonable assumption vis-à-vis content). If one is expected to listen and be interested in shapes, sound blocks, and contours without regard for embracing meaning, then I do hear sound blocks, shapes, and contours. But even blocks should be the substance of a construction, and that, in each instance, eludes me. In the circumstances, comment on the performances would be presumptuous. The definition of the blocks, shapes, and contours is excellent.
Mahler: Symphony No. 4 in G. Rafael Kubelik conducting the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra; with Elsie Morrison, soprano. DGG stereo, 139 339, $5.79.	As the record listings attest, everybody is a Mahler conductor these days, but Kubelik is one who would have ranked with the best in any era. Not so brooding as Bernstein, or as melting as Walter, or as given to personal idiosyncrasies as some of those in between (of which this is far from a catalogue), Kubelik is steadfastly musical and emotionally responsive to what is on the printed page. The net result is a musical experience that has momentum without being hasty, and expressivity that is not over-stressed. The Bavarian Radio Orchestra has become a sensitive, malleable instrument under Kubelik's influence, with a sound that suits Mahler's purposes very well. It is also a plus that Kubelik has persuaded Elsie Morrison, one of England's best sopranos before she became Mrs. Kubelik, to breach her rule against public performances and provide the final *Wunderhorn* text with a sound of fine suitability. Aside from an over-stressed tympani solo at the beginning of Movement 4, the reproduction is excellent.
Mozart: Concerto No. 25 in C (K. 503). Daniel Barenboim, piano; with the New Philharmonia conducted by Otto Klemperer. Serenade No. 12 in C minor (K. 388). Wind ensemble of the New Philharmonia; Klemperer conducting. Angel stereo, S 36536, $5.79.	Of the several concerted works Barenboim has recorded since his emergence into prominence two or so years ago, this strikes me as the best in over-all quality. That is not so much the result of an extra-expenditure of effort on the soloist's part, but, rather, because all the pieces are congruent—the work and the mutuality of the performer's feeling for it—and fit together beautifully. This includes the cadenza by Barenboim which, if a trifle over-provided with intimations of Beethoven, is suitably concise and harmonically apropos. Barenboim's treatment of the finale is not without reference to that of Edwin Fischer's long-admired recording—which is reasonable enough, as Fischer was one of his early influences. The Serenade—for which the performers are Nicholas Busch and Ian Beers, *horns*; Terence McDonaugh and John Williams, oboes; John McCaw and Archibald Jacob, clarinets; Gwydian Brooke and Ronald Waller, bassoons—suffers from Klemperer's overstaid tempi and understated dynamics. The ensemble might have done it better alone.
Prokofiev: Waltzes (Op. 110). Janáček: *Sinfonietta*. Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting the Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra. Melodiya/Angel stereo, SR 40075, $5.79.	Prokofiev's idea of compiling a suite from his waltzes, balletic and otherwise, is a better than fair one, for they are recurrent high spots of such works as *Cinderella* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Actually, the latter is not drawn upon here, which leaves the opportunity for a second suite (from some other hand) at some future time. Also favored in addition to *Cinderella* (which is called upon for three sections) are *War and Peace* and *Lermontov* (the latter identified as part of his Opus 92). Rozhdestvensky's identity with the composer's idiom is pervasive, his sense of suitable style sustained throughout. There is less that is affirmative to be said of the treatment of Janáček's *Sinfonietta*. The orchestral sound is a little blatant, the grasp of substance not as marked as in certain other versions of recent date.
Sibelius: Symphonies Nos. 6 and 7. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. DGG stereo, 139 032, $5.79.	Even in the time when Sibelius symphonies were regularly performed in the concert hall, No. 6 was a rare occurrence, its ill-favor being related to the composer's failure to realize his intentions. The more credit to Karajan (whose prior version for Angel is the only other now listed) for attacking it with full conviction and delivering it with full confidence in its merits. Given his kind of propulsiveness and overwhelmingly assertive orchestral projection, No. 6 can be heard as an intermediate step on the way to No. 7. It is cast in a conventional four-movement sequence (No. 7 is in a single continuous movement), but it has more the character of a tone poem, with an underlying if unstated program, than of a tonal abstraction. Karajan had all the mechanism of statement and counterstatement tightly in hand, and makes an absorbing experience of it. DGG's recording of the Berlin Philharmonic is now as good as anything being done by anybody.
Tcherepnin, A.: Concertos No. 2 (Op. 26) and No. 5 (Op. 96). Alexander Tcherepnin, piano; with Rafael Kubelik conducting the Bavarian Radio Orchestra. DGG stereo, 139 379, $5.79.	What kind of composer Tcherepnin (son of Nicolai, composer of songs and ballads) might have been had he remained in Russia is beyond speculation. What kind he did become, as a result of relocating in Paris, where he lived for many years, and then in the United States (he is now an American citizen), is clearly defined in this pairing of his two concerti. That is, one with an exceptional sure technic for scoring the sound that is in his mind, a mind keenly responsive to the sounds of music around him. Concerto No. 5, dating from 1965, is the more interesting of the two, in what will doubtless be characterized by some as an "old-fashioned way." What is wrong with the results is not the way, but the composer's inability to find a new direction in it. The result is rather static and without attention-compelling attributes. Tcherepnin serves his own interests well at the piano, and Kubelik complements him completely. —Irving Kolodin.

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The Other Side

Continued from page 49

been recorded a number of times; the latest Decca version places a Scotsman, Alexander Gibson, in charge of the Suisse Romande and offers a pleasing, lightweight performance coupled with six movements from *L'Arlésienne*.

Julius Katchen, having spent much time in recent years exploring the keyboard works of Brahms, returns to Beethoven this month with energetic and skillful, but not very searching, performances of the great Op. 111 Sonata, the Op. 126 Bagatelles, and the C-major Polonaise, while Marilyn Horne shows rather variable form in a recital exploring familiar landmarks of the nineteenth-century French operatic repertoire. From Decca's associate labels we are offered a collection of vocal rarities by Berlioz (mainly the nine part-songs collectively entitled *Irlande*), performed on Oiseau-Lyre by a fine solo quartet and the Monteverdi Choir under John Eliot Gardiner; a characteristic Argo Christmas disc of carols and readings *A Meditation on Christ's Nativity*, featuring the Choir of St. John's College, Cambridge; and a fascinating new recording of Bach's Mass in B minor in Telefunken's "Das alte Werk" series.

EMI-Angel offers three major albums, though those devoted to *Elijah* and *Ariadne auf Naxos* are really late arrivals from a prior list. Mendelssohn's celebrated oratorio has steadily diminished in popularity over the past few decades (it used to be performed almost as much as *Messiah* by our choral societies), and it was thus a good idea to assign the new recording to artists not specially associated with British choral traditions. The performance conducted by Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos is fresh and attractive; there is a splendid performance from Fischer-Dieskau in the title role; the alto music is beautifully sung by Janet Baker; and the New Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra are first class. Only Gwyneth Jones and Nicolai Gedda are a shade disappointing, but, on the whole, this is a set which may well prompt us to look again at a seemingly jaded work. The *Ariadne* set is sensitively conducted by Kempe, and the cast —including Janowitz, King, Zylis-Gara, Geszty, Adam, Prey, and Schreier—deals more than capably with the far-from-inconsiderable demands Strauss made of his singers in this fascinating and unusual opera. I still like the added Prologue better than the opera proper, for it contains some of Strauss's loveliest music and, in the person of the young composer (charmingly played here by the Polish soprano, Teresa Zylis-Gara), the most winning character in the Strauss/Hofmannsthal creation.

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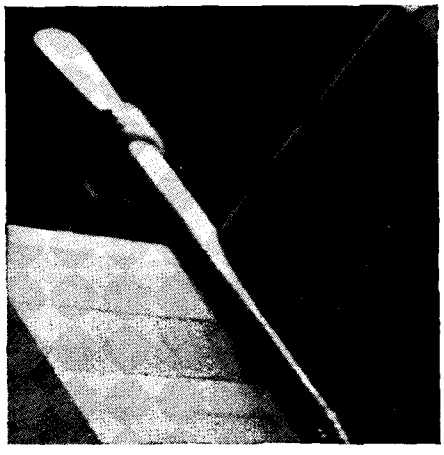

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Bach, C.P.E.: Concertos in D minor and G. Hans-Martin Linde, flute; with the Lucerne Festival Strings conducted by Rudolf Baumgartner. Archive stereo, ARC 198 435, $5.79.	Those who are conditioned to the representation of Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach as a "transitional" composer (between his father and Haydn) will find plentiful evidence to sustain an identity of his own in these works. Of especial quality is the D-minor (Wq. 22) which is assigned to 1747, but defines many of the characteristics which came to be associated with the later "Sturm und Drang" symphonies of Haydn. It also exposes most of the ways of writing for flute which were exploited during the next century. The G-major is several degrees less dramatic, but has its strong elements of individuality nevertheless. Both works are marked by execution of a high order of quality, with flutist Linde clarifying every involution of the writing, and conductor Baumgartner touching in the instrumental details behind him.
Busoni: Six Elegies. Villa-Lobos: *Rudepoêma*. David Bean, piano. Victrola stereo, VICS 1379, $2.50.	Bean, a Steuermann product of the Juilliard, shows not only the strength of hand and toughness of mind to command the content of Villa-Lobos's rough-hewn rhapsody, but also the delicacy to make an interesting experience of the Busoni pieces. This is by no means a modest achievement, for Busoni's idiom is not only individual but sometimes arbitrary in its melodic definition. Of the Elegies the most rewarding is No. 4, titled "Turandot's Frauengemach." For all the title, and its appearance in both the suite of incidental music for Gozzi's play and in the opera Busoni made from it, the basic matter is "Greensleeves," artfully elaborated. As for Villa-Lobos's *Rudepoêma* of 1926, it suggests a cross-fertilization of Bartók's *Allegro barbaro* by Balakirev's *Islamey*. It is a real feat of virtuosity Bean performs in doing justice to both and still not depriving his piano sound of resonance. Excellent reproduction also.
Cage: Variations IV (Volume II). John Cage, assisted by David Tudor. Everest stereo, 3230, $4.98.	By my reckoning, this work of Cage is not so much composed as collected, a temporal monument to such three Bs as Berlioz, Beethoven, and banality. The first two have been collected by Cage from (probably) recorded sources, and thrown into a stew of sound cooked up by the collector from random fragments left over from the last serving. If the idea of the "Hallelujah Chorus" from *Messiah* following immediately upon "The Saints Go Marching In" and, in turn, giving way to the "Triumphal March" from *Aida* is terribly entertaining to you, you should acquire Everest 3230—or turn to the nearest sound source (AM, FM, or TV) and collect your own. Perhaps Cage should turn his thoughts to the creation of a do-it-yourself sound-collector's kit, complete with erasable cassettes. It would bypass all the intermediate effort involved in producing a disc.
Mozart: Quintet in C (K. 515). Jascha Heifetz and Israel Baker, violins; William Primrose and Virginia Majewski, violas; and Gregor Piatigorsky, violoncello. Mendelssohn: Trio No. 2 in C minor (Op. 66). Heifetz, Piatigorsky, and Leonard Pennario, piano. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 3048, $5.79.	In simpler, more straightforward times, this performance of the Mozart Quintet would simply have been shelved, marked "Not for Release," and quietly forgotten. The fault is not in the spirit of the performance led by Heifetz but in the letter of the execution, especially in the inner voices. This is consistently inconsistent, especially in respect to pitch, specifically in the first viola (presumably Primrose). For those who are, to a normal degree, pitch conscious, this is the kind of blemish that cancels out pleasure. All is fortunately otherwise in the Mendelssohn, whose many interests are pursued with unflagging enthusiasm by Messrs. Heifetz, Piatigorsky, and Pennario, and with the revelation of many subtleties at strategic places. Both recordings are technically excellent.
Scarlatti, A.: *Concerti grossi* in F minor, C minor, F major, G minor, D minor, and E major. Soloists of the Scarlatti Orchestra (Naples) under the direction of Ettore Gracis. Archive stereo, ARC 198 442, $5.79.	To judge from the cover line reading "First Publication," one could readily assume that this meant a disc premiere as well. However, as Alessandro Scarlatti only (according to Grove's Dictionary) wrote twelve *concerti grossi* and other labels identify contents from among them, some, at least, of these have been previously recorded. In any case, the reference clearly points to the source of the music itself: a "first publication" in London in 1740. The general impression is of a style of writing in which A. Scarlatti (best known as a vocal composer) took a stride beyond Corelli in the direction to be pursued and attained by Handel. The playing is not only technically proficient, but animated by a conductor who knows what it means to keep the attention of his listeners absorbed.
Schumann: *Carnaval;* Sonata in G minor. Alexis Weissenberg, piano. Angel stereo, S-36552, $5.79.	Both of these performances might be put in the category of the "old Weissenberg," which is not necessarily as complimentary as it may sound. For the "old Weissenberg" was a performer of sizable attributes, pianistic and musical, who had not attained the disciplined control of his resources which has characterized his recent best. In the *Carnaval,* it is a predilection for fast tempi which take the work too often out of the dream world of the fanciful into the hard light of exhibitionism. Withal, there are sections within these limitations which are admirably formed. The Sonata has won its share of the erratic, with some hard driven episodes succeeded by others in which Schumannesque sentiment is hinted at, if not always clearly conveyed.
Scriabin: Nocturne (Op. 9); Etudes (Op. 8, No. 12; Op. 42, Nos. 4 and 5); Preludes (Op. 11, Nos. 5, 14, 15, and 24); Guirlandes (Op. 73, No. 1); Sonata (No. 4); *Vers la flamme* (Op. 72); and Poème-Nocturne (Op. 61). Hilde Somer, piano. Mercury stereo, SR 90500, $5.79.	Hilde Somer honors her enterprise in seeking out a total sequence of Scriabin for a two-sided LP by performing the music with verve, insight, compulsion, and no little tonal magic. Generally speaking, she is better equipped to deal with those of lighter texture and less demanding dynamics, which takes in roughly half of the whole. In the Sonata, *Vers la flamme,* and larger scale études, a broader style, more pianistic power, and greater assertiveness are asked for than she provides. On the whole, it is the difference between the female and the male side of Scriabin, which cannot be reconciled by goodwill and the best of intentions alone. Good piano reproduction. —I.K.

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Recordings in Review

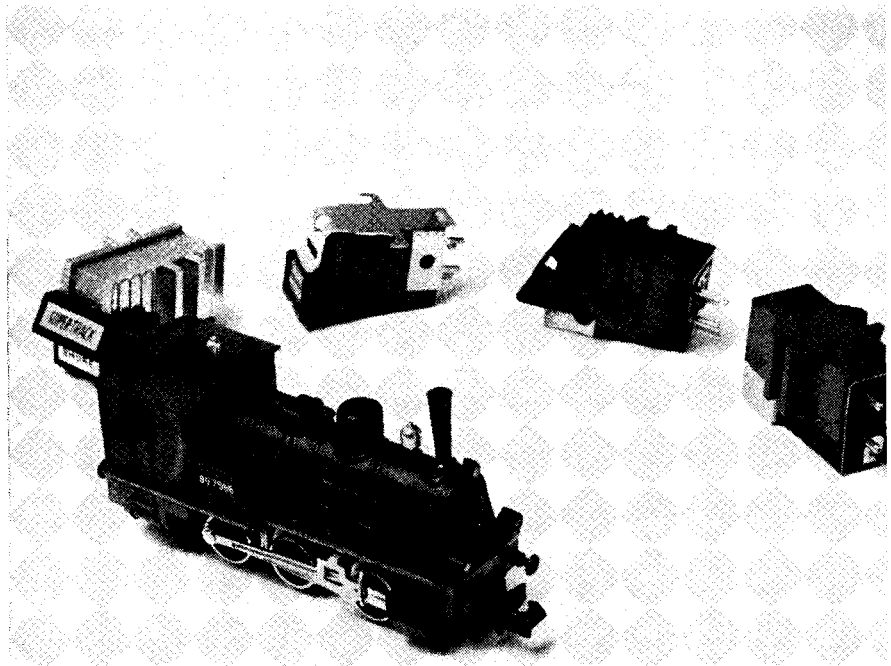
Continued from page 51

Rasoumovsky, plus the two successors in his output, I have no way of knowing; but the level of effort is so alive with impulse, so sustained in expressivity as to give the illusion of something done in one mammoth session beginning at midnight and ending at dawn.

To describe the results achieved by Arnold Steinhardt and his associates (John Dalley, second violin; Michael Tree, viola; and David Soyer, cello) in terms of impulse and expressivity is to gravitate almost instinctively to these qualities which, above all others, characterize the work of these young musicians. They begin with an aspiration toward the kind of note-sure, worry-free execution which distinguished the Juilliard Quartet at its best. That embraces the premise that quartet playing should not be a refuge from the rigorous demands of solo performance, but (as in the case of Steinhardt) a freely elected alternative by one who has all the qualifications for a solo career. But it goes beyond the worthy aspirations of their predecessors to the realization of musical purposes available, at any time, to very few.

Perhaps Steinhardt is the incendiary who causes his fellows to catch fire; perhaps it is spontaneous combustion. In any case, Dalley-Tree-Soyer must be recognized as highly inflammable, responsive to whatever spark they are exposed. They sail into the magnificent opening phrase of the first, F-major *Rasoumovsky* like a terrier after a rat, and they are still slashing, burrowing, and tenaciously in pursuit of their objective in the F-minor, eight sides later. If there is one work to which they have less than maximum suitability, it is the E-flat (Op. 74), and that is because they somewhat overbuild its sonorous frame of reference.

Chamber music playing is, of course, the next thing to weighing grams of gold, insofar as a fine adjustment of values is concerned. With the Guarneris, the eyepiece through which the problem is viewed has been so firmly screwed in place that one can actually hear the difference (in No. 2 in E minor of Op. 59) between E flat and D sharp where Beethoven has played on that kind of musical pun. Even more, the sequence being E flat-B flat (followed by D sharp-A sharp) their precision enables one to *feel* Beethoven's modulatory purpose as it develops (on the piano, of course, D sharp and E flat are the same, but the string player can shade the difference, and the Guarneris do). Such conscience is a constant, and as it is combined with the impulse and expressivity previously extolled, the results can only be characterized as standard-setting. —I. K.



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New Jazz Big Band / But...

IF you are thinking that the big band of the new jazz of the 1960s is the Don Ellis orchestra, you are wrong, for strange time-signatures do not an *avant* make nor electronic equipment a *garde*.

There is, however, a New York ensemble called the Jazz Composers Orchestra which is sustained largely by its two chief composers, trumpeter Mike Mantler and pianist Carla Bley, and assembled whenever possible from the musicians available. It made its first recording in 1964 for Fontana, *Communication* (stereo, 881-011-ZY) when that European label was willing to take a chance on a series of LPs by younger American jazzmen.

It has now made a recording of its own, a boxed set of two LPs called simply *The Jazz Composers Orchestra* (stereo, JCOA, 1001/2, available only from the Jazz Composers Orchestra Association, 261 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10007, $12), which offers four works by Mantler, each featuring one or two soloists.

Mantler's compositional roots too frequently lie, it seems to me, in twentieth-century "classical" soil, and, like many a composer who admires modern classicists without consciously wanting to be one, he sometimes siphons off the sound of the music without its substance, somewhat in the deadpan manner of (I regret to say) a Hollywood hack.

But there is more to Mantler's music than that, to be sure. On *Communication* #8, he masses his sounds and textures in frequently exhilarating ways. But he presents his soloists—trumpeter Don Cherry, a relatively delicate player, and tenor saxophonist Gato Barbieri—with the problem of battling the mass. Cherry gets some licks in, however. On *Communication* #9, Mantler offers a rather barren landscape featuring Larry Coryell's guitar with some electronic twanging of which, I confess, I can make very little. On *#10*, trombonist Roswell Rudd gets a chance to do his thing. I like his thing (I like his humor!), and I like some of the sounds Mantler has used to complement it. On *#11*, tenor saxophonist Pharoah Sanders howls, cries, and screams. It is sincere; it is absolutely real; it is, in its way, effective. But in my opinion it is not very musical.

On *Communication #12*, Mantler's soloist is pianist Cecil Taylor, and Mantler pays tribute to Taylor in his own writing—which is not, let us face it, quite the same as getting Taylor to write something. Taylor does play something—he's all over the place at breakneck speed. Sometimes you might call it an avant-gardist's version of tickling the ivories. But at several moments when he has juxtaposed solo with the bass players and drums, there is no call for levity.

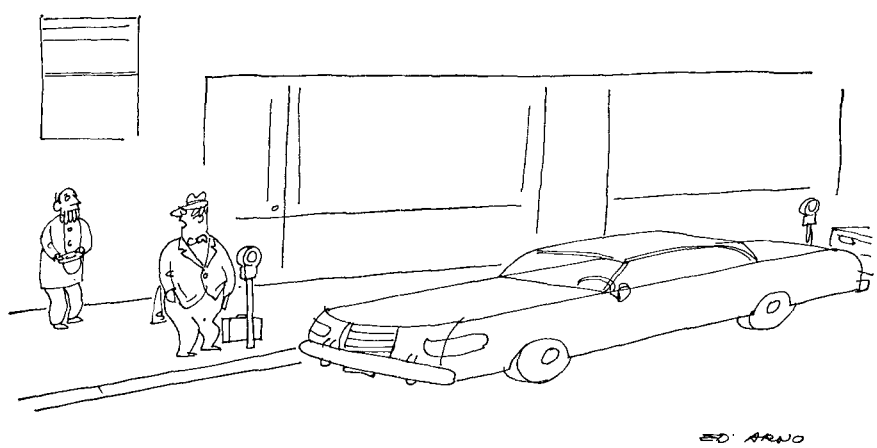
IN a booklet which offers a kind of history and credo of the Jazz Composers Orchestra, its leadership explains that the new jazz offers a "loosening of melodic, melodic-rhythmic, harmonic, and harmonic-rhythmic dogmas" in both improvisation and composition; that it involves a modification in the ways of phrasing and the spectrum of sounds formerly used; and a "dissolution of the steady rhythm into its basic purpose: propulsion, now achieved by various means of a tension-release nature."

Clear enough, and informative. Nevertheless, the work of the soloists and the sometimes arresting percussive lines of drummers Andrew Cyrille and Beaver Harris being granted, this music frequently doesn't *sound* like jazz—or it sounds like a little jazz and a lot of something else. (The music of Ornette Coleman's small ensembles and the textures of Don Cherry's longer pieces sound like jazz to the squarest head in the house.) Also, the tension-release patterns of the Jazz Composers Orchestra don't always propel. But the more important aspect of its not sounding and moving like jazz is that the music lacks the emotional paradox of the best jazz, a paradox wherein joy and anguish may be momentarily resolved—a quality that has been uniquely and profoundly a part of the music at least since King Oliver.

A slightly cut-down version of the Jazz Composers Orchestra appears with the Gary Burton Quartet on a large company's release of *A Genuine Tong Funeral* (RCA Victor stereo, LSP 3988), written by Carla Bley. At her best, Bley is an unpretentious miniaturist, and I think she knows it. Her piece (the programmatic content of which I think it best to ignore) is a suite in ten parts. She does tend to substitute a kind of sustained but static moodiness for substance and movement in a couple of her slow sections. Also her "Morning" and Funeral March" seem surprisingly old hat. But her "Lament" comes to life with some of the best sustained improvising I have yet heard from vibist Burton, beautifully accompanied by bassist Steve Swallow. Also, the degree of cooperation between composer and players achieved on "Some Dirge" is impressive. And in the swift "Epilogue" she gets some high effects from Burton's virtuosity.

In 1962, at the First International Jazz Festival which was held in Washington, D.C., the trio of John Benson Brooks, which featured alto saxophonist-critic Don Heckman, performed a piece called "The Twelves," which undertook jazz improvisation using twelve-tone rows. Such things have been tried by others, with frequently stilted, dig-what-I-learned-in-music-school results. The Brooks ensemble not only played more interestingly, it performed with some humor, fire, conviction, and swing.

The results were recorded, and they now appear—well, sort of. A Decca album called *Avant Slant* (stereo, DL 75018) intercuts bits of the original music with stilted unfunny verbal gaggery, sound effects, snippets of other music, quasi-poetry, "mod" verbiage, and a few conventionally conceived pop tunes ("Cover Me with Kisses," yet). The notes say something about this mess being for "Right Now." What I want from an LP is to be able to listen to it tomorrow. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.



"Mister, can you spare a dime?"

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Jazz for a Sunday Afternoon

NOT too long ago, New York and other large cities offered varied and bountiful jazz fare on Sunday afternoons. Jam sessions dotted the landscape. The combination of wily veterans and youngsters brimming with aspiration made these battles of jazz a matter of mounting excitement and multiple surprises.

As the years passed, jazz became increasingly fragmented. Diverse dialects and "private" modes of expression emerged from the common language, isolating groups and individuals from one another. The musicians' union, which always frowned on the jazz trial by fire in clubs—because many of the players performed for pleasure rather than pay—progressively toughened its policy. "Sitting in" with set groups also fell into disfavor. As a result, restless spirits, seeking a playground on which to run free with kindred souls, generally were forced underground.

On a recent Sunday afternoon in New York, several major jazzmen under the nominal leadership of Dizzy Gillespie came into full view at the Village Vanguard. Recalling glories of the past, they ran free into the evening. The music, however, was quite contemporary in treatment. With a capacity crowd to spur them, the participants gave a memorable series of performances, preserved by Solid State in three albums: *Jazz for a Sunday Afternoon*, Vols. I and II (SS 18027 and SS 18028) and *Dizzy Gillespie Live at the Village Vanguard* (SS 18034). The latter features only one track not included in the other sets.

We are treated to extended improvisations, based on chord changes of standard themes or blues, with opening and closing statements to frame them. Because the chemistry was right and the players opened themselves to the possibilities of the context, while intimately relating to the material and each other, the music glows and illuminates the charm of the session setting. The feeling is relaxed, the motion well oiled but never slick. Passion abounds.

Much of the time things work so well that one is tempted to think: "How easy!" However, after the fact, when the mind clears and the pulse no longer races, it becomes apparent that a great deal is involved. Myriad seemingly insignificant particles of knowledge have to be assimilated before a player is truly secure as an improviser. Talent and good instincts are not enough; they must be coupled with experience—training under fire. Knowing what to play and when to play it, as well as what to leave out, comes only with frequent exposure to combat conditions.

Dizzy Gillespie, a veteran of countless sorties, brings to these recordings a hard-core professionalism that deepens their impact. With the exception of one faulty entrance on "Sweet Georgia Brown" (Vol. I), his work is consistently striking and rewarding. A younger Gillespie, though often awe-inspiring, cannot be compared with the present-day sly fox who has an edge provided by age and objectivity. His solos are tighter, more balanced. Content, technique, and fire are in compatible blend. In the 1940s, the trumpeter could be carried away by the sheer technical brilliance of what he was doing.

One has only to listen closely to "Lover Come Back to Me" (Vol. II) to realize his position. In his solo choruses, first with only bassist Richard Davis's firm, colorful, rhythmic support, then with the full rhythm section, Gillespie moves with facility from one idea to another, with apt transitions tying them together. He develops thoughts from the bud. He peruses them from diverse angles. Whether gliding along—playing long, variegated lines—lunging in short bursts, or mixing diverse techniques and feelings, Gillespie retains a sense of space, contour, grace, and control in his comments. The progression of solos seems to be dictated not only by his own immediate reactions to the musical surroundings, but also by a deeply set sense of form.

Now in his middle years, this jazzman continues to strive and to evolve the basic style he created over twenty years ago. Bringing into play a variety of tonal devices and an increasingly fuller, more stable tone, he remains the explorer with a heart. Gillespie merely has tempered a youthful tendency to extravagance and entered maturity, without losing his seemingly inexhaustible inner fire.

The trumpeter's session colleagues prove more than equal to their tasks. Baritone-saxophonist Pepper Adams, featured on all three albums, mingles dancing pulsation with a woody sound and harmonic ingenuity in the evolution of his solos. He shows to particular advantage on the slowly undulating "Blues for Max"—dedicated to Village Vanguard owner Max Gordon. Reaching into the lower registers of his horn, while sensually announcing his feelings, he begins his journey with unusual interval jumps. Then, with a sense of inevitability, he moves through the rest of the solo, building carefully and forcefully from his surprising opening. Only when seemingly impatient with the course of an improvisation—and this occasionally happens—he tends to clutter his comments by excessive double-timing.

Ray Nance, the former Ellington mainstay, performs through Volume I and on two tracks of *Dizzy Gillespie Live at the Vanguard*. Instantly identifiable, he is one of the few violinists who knows how to adapt the instrument to the demands of jazz, without resorting to unnecessary theatrics. A blithe spirit, particularly on *pizzicato* passages in ensembles, he acquits himself quite well as a soloist on up-tempo items. He is at his best, however, on the low-pressure "Lullaby of the Leaves."

Featured on Volume II and one track of the compilation, trombonist Garnet Brown is a punching, rhythmic stylist, who enunciates his ideas in blocks of sound, seldom slurring and smoothing out his lines in the manner of J. J. Johnson—the prototypal modern trombonist. Brown retains the traditional, gutsy, brassy sound of the instrument and adds personal thrust and tint to material.

AT the root of this Sunday session's vitality is the rhythm section, including Richard Davis (bass), Chick Corea (piano), and Mel Lewis (drums)—with Elvin Jones competently filling in for Lewis on one tune, "Lullaby of the Leaves." Quick and responsive, the unit serves and leads the soloists. Lewis is firm and decisive; he gives the rhythm a relaxed, flexible feeling. Davis lends the rhythmic line a sharp sense of color variation, while sharply defining it. He fingers the bass with the dexterity of a guitarist, moving like a storm through its registers, from top to bottom. His solos are absolutely breathtaking.

Pianist Corea, relatively new to these ears, is a good accompanist and an improviser with a flair for creating striking rhythmic combinations and sustaining interest, particularly during his lengthier solos. Though imaginative and an able technician, he has yet to completely organize his forces and make them work for him in the best manner possible. Corea heavily favors his right hand, at times almost to the exclusion of his left. A more balanced use of his facilities certainly would heighten the effectiveness of his solos.

Jam sessions by their very nature are a gamble all the way around—for the players and for the listeners. When things start happening, however, there is a mutuality of realization not soon forgotten. The Village Vanguard session contained on the discussed trio of Solid State recordings provides this kind of experience. —BURT KORALL.

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The Beatles: Plain White Wrapper

THE Beatles' new album, titled simply *The Beatles* (Apple, SWBO 101), is delivered in a starkly unadorned white wrapper, haphazardly embossed with the title. The jacket is an expressionless mixture of arrogance and humility, which is as outrageously funny as John Lennon and his new lady, Yoko Ono, standing nude, face front, on the cover of their album, *Two Virgins*. For inside *The Beatles* are two LPs, nude and vulnerable, naked and proud, and elegant by default. There is a lot of homemade rough-and-tumble rock, sweet melodic ballads, bitter fragmented crossword puzzles, and John, Paul, George, and Ringo getting high with a lot of acknowledged help from their predecessors, descendants, and friends. There is also a lot of fill.

Side 1 opens with the rocking black-boogie piano and gut-banging vocal style of Fats Domino juxtaposed with the distilled Beachboys' white falsetto surfing sound in "Back in the U.S.S.R." The simple ringing guitar motif which opens "Dear Prudence" states the album's adherence to simplicity to the point of sloppiness. "Glass Onion" is a backward glance into the last two Beatles albums, with references to songs from the orgiastic *Sergeant Pepper* and the *Magical Mystery* misfit which followed. "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da" is a Slavic gypsy folk song à la Beatles, and "The Continuing Story of Bungalow Bill" ("what did you kill?") is a charmingly innocent verse and chorus confection with gamey little sideswipes tucked into the harmonies. The edgy suspicion that the Beatles are blatantly bringing it all back home begins to congeal.

The first Harrison composition in the album, "While My Guitar Gently Weeps," is predictably reflective and gentle. Harrison, sympathetically disturbed by the human conditions, gently weeps with his guitar, while Lennon and McCartney peal out helpless black humor, postscripting Harrison's gentle weeping with "Happiness Is a Warm Gun," a logical extension of "Lady Madonna" and "I Am the Walrus."

The album is a hodge-podge, made the "old" way. You go into a studio with a fistful of tunes, lay them down, do some variations, pick and choose, and slap them all together. When Paul McCartney recently told an interviewer, "We's just a group of boys who get together by the roadside and we's gonna make it big with our next album on d'Apple label," he meant just that. And possibly more: the overwhelming majority of material on *The Beatles* is suitable and possible material for live performance. This, coincidental with reliable reports of a proposed Beatles concert in London's Albert Hall, would seem to confirm the Beatles' return to the land of the living. *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* elevated the Beatles to the position of dictators in the pop world; this album relieves them of that responsibility (and status) and projects them into the context of functioning (i.e., performing) pop musicians.

THERE are other conceptual similarities between *The Beatles* and Dylan's *John Wesley Harding*. The instrumentation is vastly toned down in contrast to highly orchestrated arrangements on the last two albums. Many of the songs are personal reflections by the artists as a performing unit. "Helter Skelter" is a parable of pop, and "Sexy Sadie" seems to have been written about Jim Morrison. "Julia" is a song to John Lennon's deceased mother, one of the most beautiful on either LP. "Piggies," by Harrison, is a comment on the social cannibalism of a police state, probably written in the shocked aftermath of the Democratic National Convention in Chicago. The brawling "Why Don't We Do It in the Road?" followed by the softly stated "I Will" is Side 2's token joke.

Its an album of nostalgia, and the songs touch their influences directly. I hear the Everly Brothers, late Fifties rock 'n' roll, folk, skiffle, rockabilly, and, inevitably and pervasively, early Beatles. "Yer Blues" is a tribute to Elvis Presley, patterned and effected after "Heartbreak Hotel," with a strange Promethean reference to Dylan's "Mr. Jones." "Everybody's Got Something to Hide Except Me and My Monkey" is a rock'n' roll parody better understood by substituting "put-on" for "come-on" in the lyrics.

Though the album tries to be panoramic in scope, the material is woefully inconsistent, sketchy in content, and the overall feeling is undeniably sloppy and diffuse. Many cuts surpass beauty. Some are just poor. If *The Beatles* had been a one-record album, limited to the best of the material on the two discs, it would have been a much more satisfying package. But for what it is—a look around at all their friends and memories, and the people they've met and places they've been—it's an album worth owning. After all, in their lives, they've loved them all.

—ELLEN SANDER.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Timing Approved

RECORDINGS, truly thou art a beast of constant wonder: I am filled with great happiness by the inclusion of Ellen Sander's critique on rock music, "Pop in Perspective" [*SR*, Oct. 26]. The contention that rock music is "garbage" (as expressed by Julius B. Kaiser in LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, Nov. 30) is obviously stated through either a mask of ignorance or a vizard of hostile and pompous close-mindedness. However, not everything in this music is "coming up roses"; in fact, I must even find myself agreeing with Mr. Kaiser when he objects to the "raucous protesters of the American System who grind out their ballads for mountains of cash. . . ." Indeed, although there are many pop performers whose "artistic integrity" would never be sacrificed for monetary purposes, there are (alas!) an equal or even greater number interested only in fulfillment of their musical Horatio B. Algerian dreams. All-inclusive statements, either pro or con, are seldom accurate. Yet, I feel that there are enough sincere musical qualities and enough dedicated musicians in today's rock to qualify it as a true (if embryonic) art. It therefore merits mention in *SR*, a magazine dedicated to the arts.

I must also compliment RECORDINGS on its sense of timing. If an article such as Ellen Sander's had appeared in an earlier issue, undoubtedly you would have received reams more of uncomplimentary letters from self-righteous readers, concerning your "sellout" to electronic noise. Contrarily, if you had procrastinated much longer, you would have been considered equally contemptible (by more progressive readers) for your lack of notice for a form of music that has truly evolved into the cosmos of esthetic realization and fulfillment.

ALEC F. ROWELL,
Estes Park, Col.

Timing Disapproved

THANK YOU for Ellen Sander's survey. I notice that you didn't include the "garbage" that Mr. Kaiser didn't like. Perhaps it appeased him. It seems ridiculous to call an entire genre "garbage" without qualifying the statement at all. Certainly it is foolish to apply the term to Bob Dylan, who can criticize, *on his own record*, most of his previous work ("There are many here among us who feel that life is but a joke, but you and I, we've been through that, and this not our fate. . . .") on *John Wesley Harding*. Even more to the point is a section from Dylan's notes on that album: "Oh mighty thing!" said Vera to Frank. "Why didn't you just tell them that you were a moderate man and leave it at that instead of goosing yourself all over the room?" Someone such as this is to be considered a little above "garbage," and certainly Dylan's morals aren't considered junk when told by "great men."

Miss Sander did a rather thorough "perspective," but, unfortunately, it was timed very improperly as the new Judy Collins album, *Who Knows Where the Time Goes* is as important as *John Wesley Harding*, and, to an extent, a better album—particularly one song, "Story of Isaac," written by Leonard Cohen. I hope Kaiser takes the three-and-a-half minutes it takes to listen to this song.

EDWARD S. REED,
Stamford, Conn.

Hope for SR

ACCOUNTING for the so-called pop revolution in regular articles within the pages of the rather staid *SR* seems to me a noble enough pursuit to call forth this letter, in spite of my aversion to letters to the editor. For some time now, I have been thinking of canceling my subscription on the grounds that as the world grows more obviously complex and its style more eclectic, *SR* entrenches and becomes more out of touch. I don't think I will cancel my subscription now; I have hope that there is hope.

JILL ROBINSON,
Ontario, Canada

Poetry, not "Trash"

AS A HIGH SCHOOL student who's quite interested in today's music, I was very pleased at Miss Sander's comprehensive treatment of it. I was shocked to read Mr. Kaiser's letter regarding the article. He said, "The addition of this garbage . . . is nothing short of criminal . . ." and proceeded to attack pop music.

I would like to know how much of this "garbage" Kaiser has listened to carefully. Maybe he has heard some, but he made no mention of any real attempt to enjoy it before insulting it. He has most likely heard a very few songs on radio, and those are usually the worst kind; only a very few FM stations play much of the best. I honestly don't feel that he could condemn *all* pop music after he had heard, say, Donovan, Simon and Garfunkel, Judy Collins, or Chad and Jeremy's "Of Cabbages and Kings." He should hear entire albums by these artists, read the poetic lyrics, and *then* pass judgment.

ROBERT BLACKMAN,
East Lansing, Mich.

Up with Presley

MISS SANDER'S ARTICLE fails to profile Elvis and thus fails to be pop in perspective. If so obvious a flaw passes editorial review, likely the balance of the magazine is even more imprecise and, therefore, will waste my time no more.

JOHN R. ROBERTS,
Richmond, Ind.

Understanding Restored

BECAUSE I am tone-deaf to classical music, I have regretted receiving one issue out of four of my *SR* subscription. Miss Sander's article made up for all the RECORDINGS articles I couldn't understand: I'm glad that you weren't intimidated by the pompous intellectual snobbery of Mr. Kaiser's ilk.

SUSANNA WEINHARDT,
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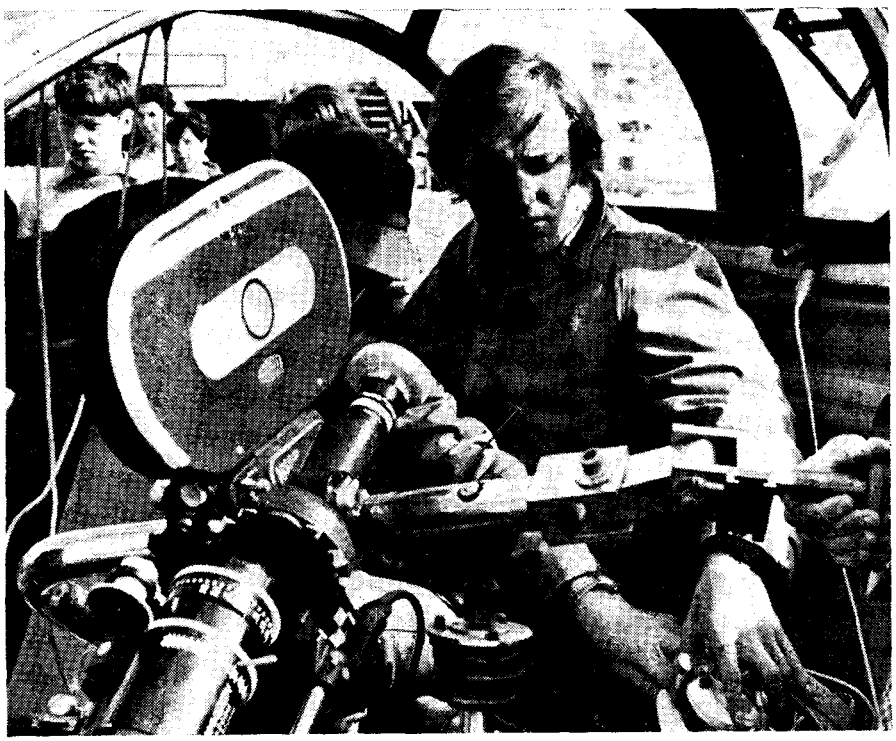
The Eye-Minded

Continued from page 19

(*Portrait of Jason*). For the "now" audience, the "personal" film-makers, some of them still in the film schools now proliferating throughout the nation, are opening up new worlds of subject matter and new techniques to explore them with. Ed Emshwiller's *Relativity*, for example, is an erotic poem created out of the free association of bold, startling, yet familiar images viewed at strange angles through distorting lenses. Bruce Conner's collage films, with their swift, artful cutting together of outrageously disparate snippets of old movies set against "hard rock" scores, manage a social commentary that is at once bitter and hilarious. And like it or not, Andy Warhol's marathon "happenings," despite—or perhaps because of—their technical crudities, convey a frighteningly accurate picture of the twilit, drug-fogged world of today's "mod" underground artists.

Significantly, these film-makers are also exploring the potential of the multiple image. Warhol designed his *Chelsea Girls* and the twenty-six-hour **** to be shown two reels at a time, side by side on the same wide screen; for the finale of *Chelsea Girls*, a Cinemascope lens placed over one projector completely engulfs and saturates the image from the other. Underground film-maker Barbara Rubin also designed her *Christmas on Earth* to be shown two reels at a time, but with one superimposed upon the other. And Stan Vanderbeek, one of the wittiest and most inventive of the personal film-makers, designed his own version of the Cinerama dome at Stony Point, New York, with multiple images bounding about the ceiling while viewers recline on the floor.

"Involvement" is perhaps the key word to all that is happening in movies today. Whether it be the environmental involvement of the light shows that have been sweeping the country during the past year, the intellectual involvement of Bergman and Godard, the multiple-image excitements of *The Boston Strangler*, or merely the surface tensions of *Point Blank* and *Bullitt*, the "now" audience has outgrown the passivity of the past. Watch 'em and forget 'em is no longer good enough; the neat, happy ending that sends the viewer out into the night with the cinematic equivalent of a Chinese dinner no longer suffices. Unquestionably, such films will continue to be made, all looking as "modern" and as "with it" as *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*. True, they may be gimmicked up a bit, but they will still be based on past formulas. And if the critics—and the kids—prefer *The Graduate* or *Blow-Up*, well, what do they know about the movie business anyway? Did they ever *make* a picture? While such complacency may suffice for a studio dining room conversation, it can no longer bolster the status quo. For, as the song says, the times they are a-changing—and the brightest, and most realistic, of the film-makers today are those who are learning to change along with them.



Michael Sarne, director of *Joanna*—"[sending] the viewer out into the night with the cinematic equivalent of a Chinese dinner no longer suffices."

Film as Environment

Continued from page 14

take the direction of multi-media experimentation. Expo 67, it seems, is *now*. Our new and growing capacity to absorb images and synthesize sounds demands a simultaneity that cannot be met by traditional forms of film-making. The response so far has been the halfhearted multiple screens of *The Thomas Crown Affair*, not part of the conception of the film, but inserted as fancy dressing. The object of multiple images is not so much to condense actions as to create an environment such as the Ontario pavilion film, *A Place to Stand*. My own students have begun to relegate location shots such as street scenes or mood sequences to peripheral attention on side screens and walls, while the action takes place on the main screen.

IT is symptomatic that the staged novelty of the Electric Circus is giving way to a new and interesting experiment in Greenwich Village, Cerebrum—where for a modest fee parties can set up their own media platforms equipped with projectors, tape recorders, and lights to stage their own happening. The idea being developed here is central to multi-media art, that is, the orchestration of contemporary media instruments. Young people are not afraid to carry a running projector around, spraying the images on walls and ceilings for distortions which communicate. An older generation is inclined to think of the media hardware as "machines" to be screwed to the floor or locked in a booth while they "produce" images and sounds. The young, in contrast, recognize this hardware as part of the information environment of electronic technology, and they use it accordingly. Spontaneity, the chance synchronization, overload that leads to breakthrough—these are all part of the excitement that draws people to media rather than film alone.

The young look at film is a revolutionary one, motivated more by love of the medium than hatred of the Establishment. In a sense, the new taste is liberating film for a free exploration of its potential, especially in the area of humanizing change. The hunger for a relativity of time and space will extend to morality, producing films that explore problems rather than package solutions. Nevertheless, the very intensity of young involvement gives promise of profound changes in the youth audience as people open themselves to the reality of the medium. Whether as young film-maker or multi-media entrepreneur, the young will have their say. If we take the time to cultivate their perspective, we may learn an interesting view of the future of media, and a fascinating way to stay alive.

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Room at the Top

Continued from page 22

must be noted that the Screen Actors Guild follows the same policy: if you can get a job, you can become a member.)

Far more restrictive situations prevail in the lesser, but no less important, collaborative crafts involved in the making of a movie. Cameramen, editors, art directors, sound technicians, assistant directors, electricians, grips, and the like, are members of union locals with contracts which not only provide minimum wages and working conditions for employed members, but also guarantee preferential employment to existing union members. To even discuss these

closely regulated union hiring and membership rules, although they are locked inalterably into contract provisions, is considered a heresy. But the rules, coupled with so-called experience rosters, are there and enforced, although they are not mentioned to cinema students on college and university campuses.

Strong arguments exist for the continuation of these restrictive craft union practices. Old-timers in Hollywood recall vividly the capricious layoffs of thousands in cyclical "economy waves," and these people also know better than the young the perennial desire of movie producers to seek the best possible work for the least compensation. Equally strong arguments for replenishment of a film craftsmen labor pool, through retirement of the senior members and infusion of newer blood, have been recognized in movie contracts since 1965. The average age of Hollywood labor union members is reportedly in the forties, and, in the next five years, according to more statistics from Mr. Valenti, more than 3,800 people will reach retirement age.

The doors are opening—slowly, but at least they are opening. Various union training programs, the inputs carefully geared to expected attrition, are under way. Progress in this area will accelerate, perhaps never to the satisfaction of everyone. However, to the aspiring filmmaker who wants to start at the top—as a director, writer, or producer—the path is no longer as beset with outside obstacles. The climate within movie studios for fresh ideas is most favorable. Guts and drive will get one a hearing and even a chance. Talent will keep him on top.

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(Continued from page 63)

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Z. Unscrupulous	48 66 43 75 24 190 105

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 G	2 U	3 X	4 I		5 R	6 L		7 G	8 R	9 I		10 I	11 S	12 T	13 M	14 Q		
	15 S	16 Q		17 U	18 M	19 A	20 I	21 N	22 R	23 O	24 Z	25 K		26 P	27 L	28 K		
	29 V	30 Q	31 A	32 K	33 I	34 M		35 K	36 T		37 Q		38 D	39 W	40 G	41 H		
42 Y	43 Z	44 M	45 C		46 C	47 N	48 Z		49 K	50 W	51 A	52 J		53 C	54 A	55 T		
	56 C	57 W	58 Q	59 N	60 H	61 Y	62 O	63 P	64 X	65 V	66 Z		67 B	68 V	69 C	70 Q		
71 J	72 N	73 S	74 W	75 Z	76 H	77 X	78 O	79 Y		80 T	81 L		82 F	83 V	84 C			
85 O	86 L	87 A	88 T		89 T	90 A		91 W	92 M	93 J	94 Q		95 X	96 F	97 P			
98 Y	99 P	100 M		101 L	102 P	103 B	104 X		105 Z	106 V	107 A	108 P	109 X		110 Y	111 D		
	112 U	113 D		114 L	115 H	116 N	117 J	118 O	119 D	120 E	121 P	122 V	123 F	124 Q	125 A			
126 K	127 W	128 A	129 V		130 S	131 E	132 U	133 G	134 B	135 J		136 E	137 Q	138 P		139 X		
140 Q	141 P	142 W	143 E		144 B	145 Y	146 E		147 S	148 N	149 L	150 K		151 B	152 G	153 F		
	154 B	155 G	156 N	157 T	158 H		159 G	160 R		161 I	162 P	163 C		164 M	165 I	166 U		
167 J		168 J	169 I	170 D	171 K	172 G	173 N	174 Y	175 S		176 W	177 I	178 K	179 M	180 O	181 G		
182 J		183 W	184 F	185 P		186 W	187 N	188 R	189 Q	190 Z	191 F	192 P	193 L	194 D	195 K			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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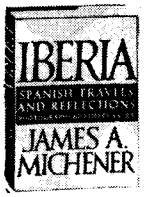

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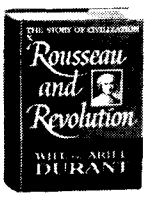

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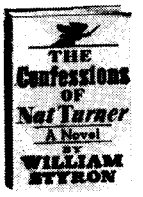

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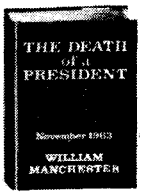

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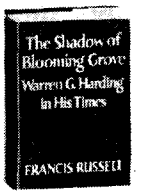

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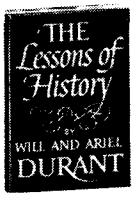

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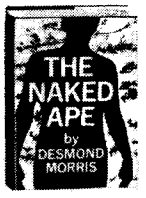

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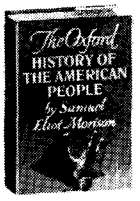

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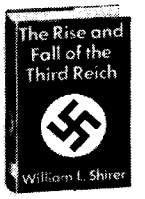

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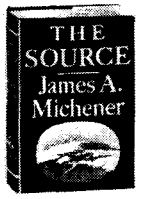

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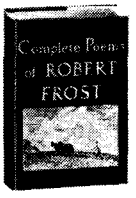

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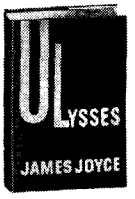

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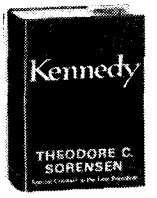

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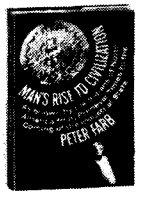

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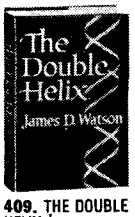

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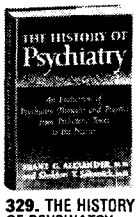

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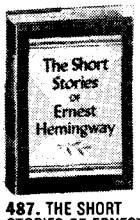

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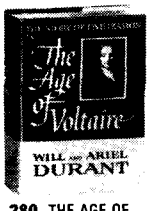

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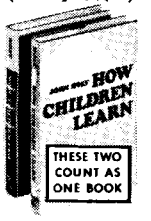

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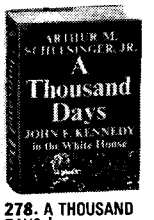

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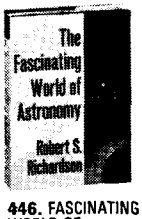

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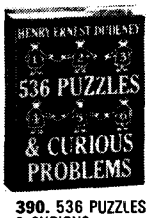

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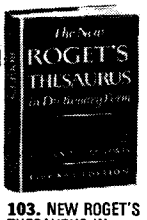

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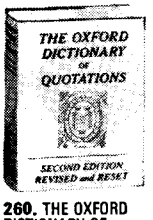

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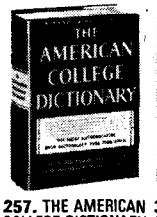

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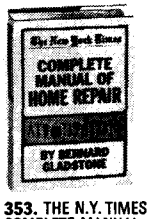

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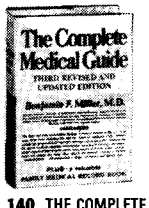

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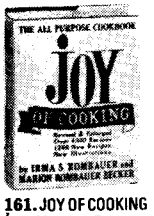

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